

THE GOAT

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ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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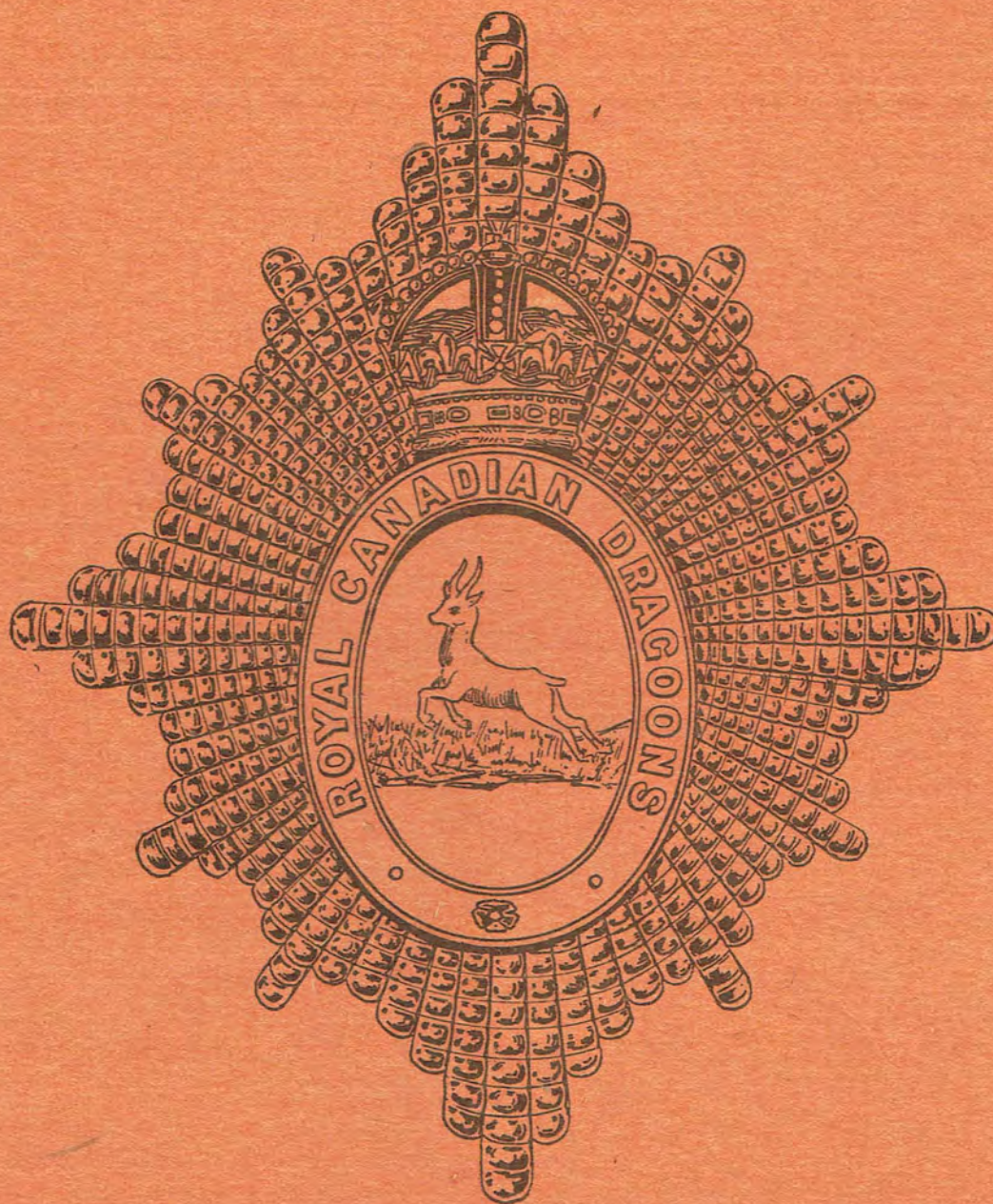
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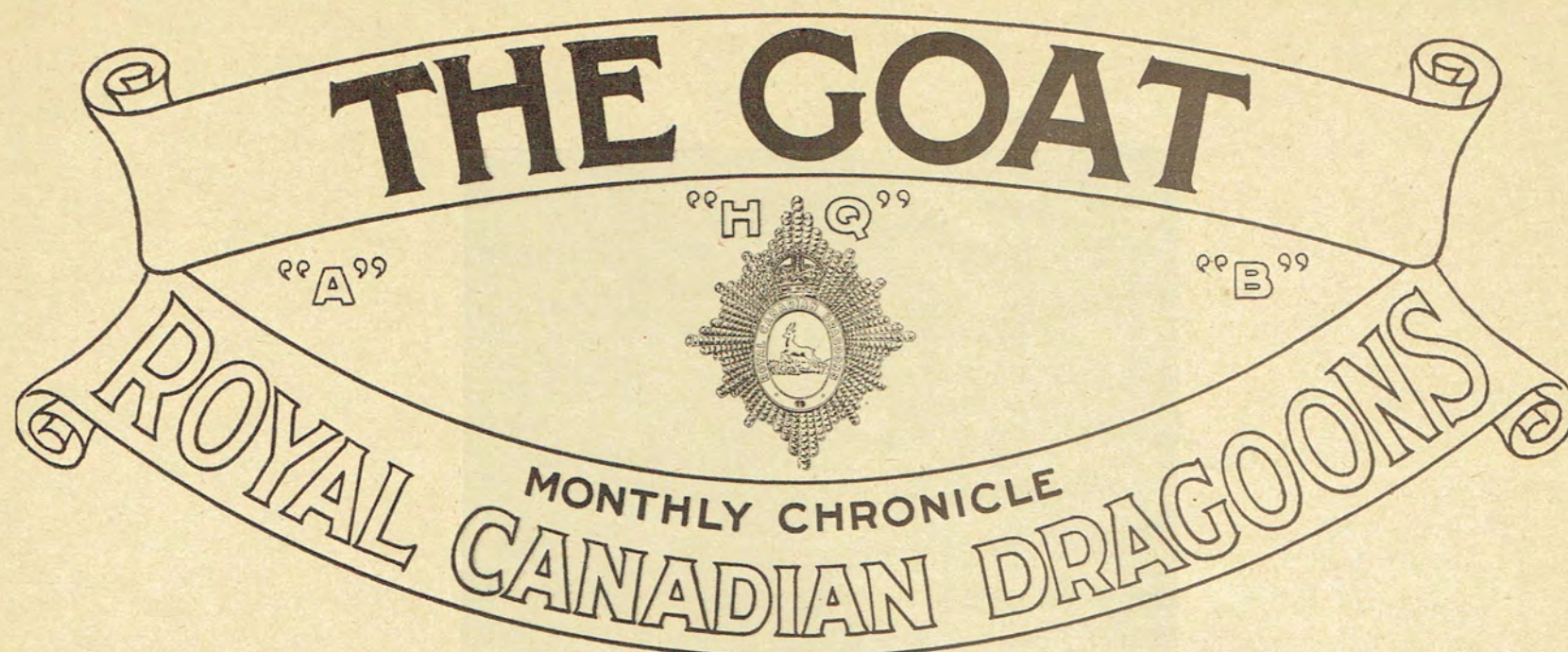
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THE CANADIAN CAVALRY ASSOCIATION CUP

This very handsome trophy was purchased by "A" Squadron, R. C.D., out of the monies accumulated from the annual grant for recreational purposes, made to the cavalry squadrons by the Canadian Cavalry Association.

It was put up for annual competition between the troops of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., and is held for one year by the troop obtaining the highest percentage of points awarded for "general proficiency" during the period of annual squadron training, and the results of the previous year's weapon training.

The cup stands 33½ inches high, is suitably engraved and surmounted by a miniature figure of a trooper of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in review order.

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Equitation	
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Interior Economy	
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Barrack Rooms	10
Troop Records	10
Discipline	20
Total	100

Marks are deducted by the Commanding Officer or by the 2nd in command of the squadron, at any time on parades or during inspections of stables or barrack rooms.

The First Troop are the present holders of this trophy. The competition for the present year is still "under way."

Editorial.

Here at St. Johns we are just finishing our annual "spring training," and while feeling the better for it, are not sorry it is all over.

Nevertheless this period of training is absolutely necessary to all units. During the long winter months, when we are burdened with heavy clothes, depressing fur hats and cumbersome overshoes, we seem to stagnate. And that is why we need some drastic measures to make us throw off that hibernating influence.

Now that we are all feeling full of vigour, there is absolutely no reason why some of us should not rid ourselves of that lethargic spell that has prevented us from helping along our regimental magazine. We can all do something. Some can help by getting new subscribers, others can perhaps help in the advertising line, while still others may be able to send in interesting copy for publication.

We are becoming more prominent. We received quite a generous review in the last issue of the Canadian Defence Quarterly, and the Canadian Marksman has published a few extracts from one of our previous numbers—the penalty of fame.

Renewals of subscriptions to the magazine have been coming in steadily during the past month, but a number of subscriptions are still due. As we are not included in any of the big newspaper groups, it will be apparent that we cannot afford to have too many outstanding accounts. We would ask all who receive a subscription blank with their copy to renew as soon as possible.

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns

"The Goat" extends congratulations to the following N.C.O.'s and men of "A" Squadron who have received promotion during the past month: Tpr. (Acting Sergeant) G. Henderson, promoted to the rank of Sergeant Tailor.

L/Cpl. E. Boucher, promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Tprs. W. Jewkes, J. N. F. Constantine, J. V. Cullinan, and D. K. Hendry appointed Lance Corporals.

Sergeant Tailor W. A. Barker

is struck off the strength of the squadron on being transferred to "B" Coy., The Royal Canadian Regiment.

Nursing Sister E. F. Pense, R. R.C., R.C.A.M.C., of Kingston, Ont., spent several days in St. Johns last month visiting Nursing Sister Wylie, R.R.C.

We regret to announce that Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C., has now been officially struck off the strength of the regiment on retirement, with effect from May 17, 1926.

Major and Mrs. Salmon are spending a month at St. Margarets, Que., where, we are led to believe, they are strenuously indulging in the royal and ancient game of golf.

During the past month six of our number have purchased their discharges and left us to try their lot in civilian life. We were extremely sorry to see them go, and we wish them every success in their new spheres.

Corporal E. Sargent enlisted at Toronto in August, 1919, and came down to St. Johns with "A" Squadron in January, 1920. During his six and a half years with the regiment he has made many warm friends, and has been regarded as a most useful and trustworthy N.C.O. He has taken a keen interest in the daily life at the Station, being a keen supporter and enthusiastic rooter at all forms of sport. He was an active and hard-working member of our entertainment committee, and being gifted with a very pleasing voice, has figured prominently at many of our smokers and concerts, as well as taking part in many amateur theatricals in St. Johns. We understand that he intends to move with his wife and small daughter to Burlington, Vt., where he is going into the dairy business. We wish him the best of luck. During the war he served with the 2nd Machine Gun Battalion.

L/Cpl. C. G. Rowe enlisted in August, 1923, and was appointed Lance Corporal in February, 1925. He was a useful member of the hockey team for three seasons and figured prominently in all our sporting events. As he is taking up civil employment in Montreal we hope that we may frequently see something of him.

Tpr. H. Hopewell enlisted whilst we were on strike duty in July, 1923. His home is at New Aberdeen, Cape Breton, where he has been employed in the mines, and rumour hath it that he intends to return to his old employment,

though just why he should wish to do so we cannot quite understand.

Tpr. E. Gagne enlisted in August, 1924, having previously been with the R.C.R. Drums for four and a half years. He also served in the C.E.F. Whilst in the R.C. D. he was employed as a trumpeter.

Tpr. G. Dupuis also came to us from the R.C.R. Drums in August, 1924, and was employed as a trumpeter. He previously served in the 171st Battalion, C.E.F. During his stay at St. Johns he figured prominently at our boxing competitions, and last year he represented us at the provincial boxing championships, where, though defeated, he put up a very creditable performance.

Tpr. F. Hodgkinson enlisted in August, 1924. Although he left us with less than two years service he showed promise of becoming a very smart soldier and would undoubtedly have become a useful N. C.O. He was a member of the Barrack Concert Party.

The following recruits have been attested to "A" Squadron during the past month: Tprs. T. W. Story, D. J. Doherty, C. Valiquette and L. R. Albertson. None of these men have had any previous service, but they are shaping up into a very promising recruit squad.

APPRECIATION

Now that the weather is warmer and we are looking to various outdoor means of recreation, it would be most unthoughtful if we did not pause to give a moment's thought, and express our gratitude to the Barracks Orchestra, who have so materially aided us during the winter months. The orchestra have given their services on many occasions, in the officers', sergeants',

and men's messes, for their dances and entertainments. Their music has been "peppy" and up-to-date, and their willingness at all times to render an encore when requested has made them a most popular organization both in the barracks and in the city of St. Johns. Mrs. Swarbrick, who presides at the piano, has devoted a great deal of time and work for the well-being of the orchestra, as have also Q. M.S. Ellis (traps), Tpr. Harrington (saxophone) and Tpr. Rodney (cornet). Sergeant Bark, R. C.A.M.C., was also a member of the orchestra and played the saxophone, but unfortunately he was transferred to Montreal several months ago.

TRANSFERS

During the past month several transfers have taken place, which have made a considerable change in the personnel of officers and N.C.O.'s at the Cavalry Barracks. We were extremely sorry to bid adieu to those who have left, and we wish them every happiness in their new stations. To those who have joined us we extend a hearty welcome.

Captain N. M. Halkett, M.C., R. C.A.M.C., who has been our Station Medical Officer since 1920, has been transferred, and left for Camp Borden, Ont., on May 6th. He will be greatly missed, for during his long stay at this station he has always done everything in his power to render himself both useful and ornamental, and has gained a very warm spot in the hearts of each and every member of the Garrison. He has taken a keen interest in both our work and our play, has accompanied us on strike duty, on trecks, and also made trips with our hockey team, boxers, etc., and has been every ready to render first aid to our spiritual



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or bodily infirmities. We wish him good luck at Camp Borden. The following are a few extracts from a letter received from him at his new station:

"I was in Toronto for one day only on my way up and stayed at Stanley Barracks."

"The Flying Corps crowd are a great bunch of boys. On Friday night they had a 'wing party.' This is a custom they have; whenever an officer gets his wings they celebrate. It was quite a party. Being a new arrival I was initiated into the 'Little Scorpions Club.' Everybody here has been initiated from the Wing Commander down. It was quite an initiation; I'll tell you about it when I see you."

"I am to start my flying instruction next week. The lads promise to treat me gently, so here's hoping. It is wonderful to see them flying. At present they are testing out a new type of machine which rises very rapidly. They can reach 15,000 feet in about seven minutes, which is really remarkable. They are also doing parachute tests, which are very spectacular. I think they earn their flying pay all right. I may try a parachute jump myself some time, but not today."

Major H. L. N. Salmon, M.C., R.C.R., who has been with us since the arrival of "D" Company, and has also been employed as District Signalling Officer, has been transferred to "A" Coy., R.C.R., at Halifax, N.S. Major Salmon took a keen interest in the sporting life of the barracks, was a member of our hockey squad, and a keen basketball player on the "D" Coy. team. Mrs. Salmon will also be greatly missed, as she has taken a very prominent part in the social life of St. Johns. Unfortunately, through his usual bad luck, Major Salmon has been granted two months leave, most of which he expects to spend in the vicinity of St. Johns. He then proceeds to Halifax for several weeks and thence to the Small Arms School at Connaught Ranges. We are pleased to say that during all this period Major Salmon will be remaining in the vicinity of St. Johns.

Q.M.S. P. J. Muise, R.C.A.M.C., who has been the senior N.C.O. at the Station Hospital for the past three years, has been transferred to Quebec, and has departed with his wife and family for the Ancient Capital.

Cpl. P. Lachance, R.C.A.M.C., who has been a member of the staff of the Station Hospital ever since we came to St. Johns, and was also at this Station prior to the war, has taken his discharge to pension, and has moved with his

wife and family to take up residence in Quebec.

Sgt. W. Kevis, R.C.A.S.C., who has performed the arduous duties of supplying the barracks with light, heat and fuel, and the personnel of the barracks with rations, forage and disinfectant, has now been transferred to Montreal.

Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C., has arrived from Kingston, Ont., to replace Captain Halkett as Station Medical Officer. Major Williams is no stranger to us, having acted as our M.O. on several occasions at Petewawa Camp and on strike duty. He is accompanied by Mrs. Williams and his two boys, and they are now living down-town in a house previously occupied by Major Salmon.

Captain A. Nicholls, M.C., R.C.R., comes from Halifax to replace Major Salmon. He is a very keen and efficient officer and has already settled down to assume an important role both in our daily work and play.

Captain M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C., comes to us from Winnipeg to assume the duties of Garrison Supply and Transport Officer. He was a stranger to all of us, but he has taken over his new duties in a keen and efficient manner and undoubtedly will be a great asset to this station.

S.M. (W.O.I.) H. J. Hunt, R.C.A.M.C., comes to us from Quebec to replace Q.M.S. Muise as the senior W.O. of the Station Hospital. We understand, however, that unfortunately for us, S.M. Hunt is only to be with us for a few months before he retires on pension.

S/Sgt. J. T. Reid, R.C.A.M.C., has been transferred from the hospital at the Royal Military College, Kingston. He is replacing Sgt. O'Donnell, who recently was discharged to pension. S/Sgt. Reid and his family are occupying quarters in barracks.

Sgt. W. H. Clark, R.C.A.S.C., has come to St. Johns from London, Ont., to replace Sgt. Kevins in the supply stores. He has taken a house in our residential suburb of Iberville.

Cpl. F. Steward, R.C.A.M.C., with his wife and family, have come from Ottawa and are living in St. Johns. Cpl. Steward is replacing Cpl. Lachance at the Station Hospital.

Reports from England inform us that Captain Grant, M.C., R.C.D., is riding about the streets of Cardiff, Wales, with a tin hat on his head. We are wondering whether he prefers coal dust of Wales to that of our summer resort in Cape Breton.

Some time ago the local Kiwanis Club procured an ambulance which they presented to the city of St. Johns. This ambulance is on call whenever required and has frequently been used for personnel of barracks who have had to be sent to Montreal for hospital treatment, or have had to be taken from the Station Hospital to the Grey Nuns' Hospital, and return, for X-Ray examinations. The fact that we are privileged to use this ambulance has been greatly appreciated, and it must undoubtedly be more comfortable for the patient than having to make the trip in the "Florence Nightingale's Joy Wagon" that we have on charge.

Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., and S.M. (W.O.I.) J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.) have returned from Canning and Middleton, N.S., where they conducted a six weeks' Provisional School of Cavalry for the K.C. Hussars.

During the period around the first of May the squadron transports spent a very busy time in connection with the moving of the families of the officers and N.C.O.'s who have been transferred to and from this station.

S.M.I. Dowdell and Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson moved from the married quarters in barracks to residences in the town, their quarters in barracks being now occupied by S/Sgt. Reid and Sgt. Forgraves.

The transport also assisted in these moves and they also helped several of the married families in St. Johns and Iberville who were moving from one house to another.

The Open Air Horse Show of the Montreal Hunt Club will take place in Montreal on May 28th and 29th. The squadron will be represented in the various jumping events by Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and Capt. L. D. Hammond. (We are also planning and hope to have the squadron represented at the Ormstown Horse Show which takes place from the 8th to 11th of June.)

MESS DINNER

A dinner was held in the Officers' Mess at the Cavalry Barracks on Wednesday May 5th, 1926. The occasion was in the nature of a farewell to Major Salmon, M.C., and Captain Halkett, M.C., and a "house warming" for Major Williams, M.C., Capt. Nicholls, M.C., and Capt. Joyce. Major W. Neilson, D.S.O., R.C.R., D.A.A. and Q.M.G. of Montreal District No. 4, who is shortly to be transferred from Montreal to London, Ont.,

was also a guest of the mess.

All the officers of the garrison were present, also Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., Lt.-Col. H. Chasse, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. Keefler, Major Gorssline, D.S.O., Capt. R. B. LeBlanc, R.C.D. (R.O.) from Montreal, and Vincent Cleary Esq. of St. Johns. Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., Officer Commanding the Cavalry Barracks, presided, and the president's and vice-president's chairs were filled by Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., and Captain L. D. Hammond respectively.

The table was suitably decorated with ribbons representing the colours of the various units of the garrison, and the lighting of the mess-room was supplied by clusters of candles in candelabras.

After the toast to the King, Major Bowie, in a few well-chosen remarks, stated that speeches were not the order of the evening. He expressed his regrets at the departure of Major Salmon and Captain Halkett, and welcomed the newcomers. He mentioned the fact that Brig.-Gen. Armstrong was leaving the district, being transferred to London, Ont., in the fall, and although he hoped that this would not be our last mess dinner at which the General would be present, still, in view of the uncertainty of our plans for the summer, he did not wish to let the regrets at his departure. Major Bowie then proposed the health of "the incoming and outgoing firemen."

General Armstrong briefly replied to the toast, after which the officers adjourned to the ante-rooms where those who had not previously had a chance of airing their views were given an opportunity of doing so.

(Toronto)

Information has been received that H.Q. and "B" Squadron will carry out their summer training at Niagara Camp. It is likely that the troops will proceed there during the first week in June. It is hoped that the Department will see their way clear to allow "A" Squadron to come up, in order that regimental training may be carried out.

Cat. G. F. Berteau is in Christie Street Hospital, suffering from a fractured leg as a result of an accident while jumping in the Coliseum on May 3rd.

Lt.-Col. R. J. S. Langford, R.C., has been in Christie Street Hos-

pital for the past few weeks with pleurisy.

Major P. Lafferty, R.C.H.A., visited the Station on April 28th.

"B" Squadron have purchased eight remounts, which are being schooled. Several of them are of a very promising type.

The Military Tournament will be held in Toronto from May 19th to 22nd inclusive. It will be the largest affair of its kind that has been held for many years. The Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College, the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, the Royal Canadian Regiment and about twenty regiments and units of the Toronto garrison will take part. The programme will include Cavalry Musical Ride, Guard Mounting, Trooping the Colours, Artillery Musical Drive, Platoon Competitions, Tug-of-War, Officers' Jumping, Tent Pegging, Dummy Thrusting, etc., Royal Canadian Naval Reserve Display, Royal Military College Arm Drill, Gymnastic Display, Vaulting Ride, etc., Victoria Cross Race, Night Attack with Engineers, Machine Guns, Artillery, Air Force, etc. Every performance will be different. Massed Bands, Pipers, Bugle Bands.

It is expected that it will be a great success, and the credit is due to our Honorary Colonel, Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., who has been devoting his entire time to the tournament for some time past.

All ranks at this Station greatly regret the departure of their Medical Officer, Major R. M. Luton, M.C., who has been transferred to Halifax, and their best wishes are extended to him in his new appointment.

Capt. W. S. Fenton, R.C.C., has been transferred to "B" Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, from London, Ont.

Major G. C. Lawson, R.C.A.M.C., has reported at this Station on transfer from Halifax, N.S.

L/Cpl. H. L. Smuck has purchased his discharge, and in the near future will be seen on the streets of Toronto upholding the majesty of the law. All ranks wish him success in his new career.

After the Stanley Barracks Sergeants' Mess has held the Grater Cribbage Trophy for three years they lost it last week to the sergeants' mess of the Royal Gren-

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diers in the mess of the latter. This trophy, which was made in Canada, is one of the prettiest bits of plate played for in the local garrison. In view of the fact that the Stanley Barracks N.C.O.'s won the garrison championship for 1925, 26 the Grenadiers accomplished no mean feat in taking it back. After the card games a smoking concert was held, at which Mr. Duncan Cowan and Chas. Musgrove entertained, with the assistance of members of both teams.

Tpr. R. C. McGrath has purchased his discharge. All ranks wish him success in "civvy" life.

Sergt. Barraclough, of "A" Squadron, paid a flying visit to this Station recently.

The new Maple Leaf Baseball Stadium, which is by far the largest in Canada and which is situated south-east of the barracks, was opened on April 29th.

"I complimented Phyllis on her voice once and she hasn't spoken to me since."

"What you say?"

"I only told her I thought she was a howling success."

Heard at the Sports

Mr. A.: "Where's that officer that used to take part in all your sports. He used to play hockey, baseball and cricket?"

Tpr. B.: "Oh, you mean Capt. Home. He's—"

"No, I don't mean him. This officer had a name something like a saxophone."

"Oh, now I know; you mean Major Nordheimer. He's in Chicago, Ill."

"Well, that's too bad. I'm sorry to hear that, but I shouldn't think a dry climate would agree with him."

Visiting a remote village, a man entered a local emporium—where rashers of bacon, seed-cake, and paraffin oil were special lines—and asked to be shown some post-cards. A greasy, rather battered assortment was brought out by a boy who looked not beyond school age. The visitor picked up a view of Stirling Castle.

"Do you know that place, sonnie?" he asked the boy.

"No, sur," was the reply.

"That's Stirling Castle, Scotland."

"Oh, yes," said the boy. Then, following a short pause: "I've heard o' Scotland!"

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Farewell Dinner.

A dinner was held in the Sergeants' Mess, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on Friday evening, May 14th. The members of the mess met to bid "Godspeed and good luck" to Sgt. R. Davies and Sgt. E. Hargreaves, who are leaving the service.

The active members of the mess turned up full strength, and a large number of honorary members were present. Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Capt. R. Balders, M.C., and Capt. L. D. Hammond were present at the dinner. In all, sixty guests were seated.

In a few brief remarks, Sergt.-Major Smith pointed out the object of the dinner, and stated how sorry we were to lose two valued friends who had been with the regiment for such a number of years. The health of the departing friends was drunk in the usual manner.

Sgts. Davies and Hargreaves responded even more briefly. They expressed sorrow at leaving and wished they were able to do another twenty.

In presenting, on behalf of the Sergeants' Mess, a token of remembrance to Sgt. Davies and Sgt. Hargreaves, Major Bowie waxed reminiscent. He recalled how he had known the retiring members during the past nineteen years, how loyally they had always supported their officers, and stated he had every confidence that they would do well in civil life, for if they would only carry out in civil life as they had in the army they were bound to be a success.

It would take too long to enumerate the many and witty speeches of the evening, but Sgt. Rayner, R.C.R., is deserving of mention. Sid treated the subject from the philosophical standpoint, and his conclusions were very humorous.

Towards the late evening an impromptu concert was organized. From then on our reporter stated that visibility was very bad; there was a haziness in the atmosphere. However, everything must have been alright, because there were no remarks the following morning.

The following is the record of service of No. 182, Sergeant Ernest Hargreaves, the Royal Canadian Dragoons:

Enlisted in the Manchester Regiment (Imp.), September 1st, 1899; Discharged at sea, January 11th, 1907, for the purpose of re-enlisting with the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, (auth: W.O. 058/3112, (A.G. 2 Recty) dated November 28th, 1906. During the above service served in the South

African War from October 7th, 1901, until December 31st, 1902. Enlisted in the Royal Canadian Regiment, at Sea, January 12th, 1907. Transferred to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, May 31st, 1907; Re-attested to the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, The Royal Canadian Dragoons, Valcartier Camp, September 24th, 1914, and served in England and France. Demobilized from The Royal Canadian Dragoons (C.E.F.), July 21, 1919; Re-enlisted in The Royal Canadian Dragoons, Toronto, Ont., July 22, 1919; Present engagement will terminate on July 21, 1926. Total continuous service, 19 years, 191 days. Service to count towards pension, including service in the South African War, and to date of discharge, July 21st, 1926, is 20 years, 266 days.

Here and There.

17th D.Y.R.C.H.

The regiment has been honoured by receipt of a message from H.R. H. The Duke of York, conveying his thanks for the congratulations tendered him on the recent birth of his daughter. The message, which was addressed to Lieut.-Col. L. M. Hooker, and which came by cable, read as follows: "Lieut.-Col. L. M. Hooker, Duke of York's Hussars, Montreal. Thank you very much for kind congratulations. Albert." The Duke of York is Colonel-in-Chief of the 17th D.Y. R.C.H.

Change of Stations

When the 9th Queen Royal Lancers are moved next winter from Egypt to India they will be stationed at Secunderabad, and the 4/7th Dragoon Guards will be moved from the latter station to Sialkot to take the place of the home-coming Queen's Bays.

Staff Appointments

Colonel A. E. W. Harman, C.B. D.S.O., A.D.C., has been appointed Commandant of the Equitation School and Inspector of Cavalry, in succession to Colonel G. A. Weir, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Aug. 11th, 1926).

It would be difficult to select a more fitting cavalry inspector than Colonel Antony Harman, who is to relieve Colonel Commandant Weir at the Equitation School in August. Commencing in the militia, he joined the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and then went to the transport branch of the A.S.C. He returned to his cavalry regiment to become adjutant, but got his maj-

ority in the 2nd Dragoon Guards. He successively commanded the 18th Hussars, the 6th Cavalry Brigade, the 3rd Cavalry Division, a Rhine brigade, the Cavalry School, and the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. What a wide field of knowledge must have come to him in such a run of varied appointments.

(Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette.)

WHO SOUNDED THE ORDER TO CHARGE?

A paragraph appeared in The Daily Chronicle recently to the effect that the trumpet used at the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava will sound the charge during the Military Tattoo at Aldershot, and that the Royal United Service Institution has lent the bugle for the occasion.

J. H. B. Baker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, now writes that he has the bugle which sounded the famous charge, and that it was used by Trumpeter William Brittain, the 17th Lancers, trumpeter on Lord Cardigan's staff.

The matter was cleared up at the Royal United Service Institution. The field trumpet there was used by Trumpet-Major Henry Joy, 17th Lancers, who was orderly-trumpeter to Lord Lucan, the G.O.C. Cavalry in the Crimea. The order to the Light Cavalry Brigade, under the command of Lord Cardigan, would be given by Lord Lucan, and his trumpet-major would immediately sound the charge.

As soon as it was sounded the trumpeters of the five regiments in the brigade, the 17th Lancers, the 4th Light Dragoons, the 13th Light Dragoons, and the 8th and 11th Hussars, would repeat it. Thus there may be six trumpets in existence on which the charge was sounded.

Grandpa had come to visit his little grandson. Wishing to find out how Jimmie was getting on at school, he asked:

"If I had ten apples and gave you two more, how many would you have altogether?"

"I don't know, grandpa," the little fellow replied. "We always do our sums in beans."

Headline—"Says Schools Sell Degrees." We have heard this charge before and it brings to our mind a joke of at least twenty years ago.

Intimate Friend: "Has your college got as much money as it really needs?"

Modern College President:—"Well, no; but we are getting it—by degrees."

Obituary.

The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association suffers a distinct loss in the recent death of Major-General Bertram. The late General Bertram was one of the strongest supporters of the D.C.R.A. He was president of the Association for several years and only last month had the distinction of being elected an honorary life governor. His nearly sixty years of military and business experience and wide circle of friends, made him a distinct asset to the organization. His keen interest in all things pertaining to rifle shooting was much appreciated by the D.C.R.A. One of those men who go through life doing much good and making no enemies, his friendship was valued by all who came in contact with him. His cheerful countenance was always in evidence at the Annual Prize Meeting and "Sir Alec," as he was familiarly called by the older shots, enjoyed great popularity among all competitors.

Born in Dundas, Ont., in 1853, he commenced work in his father's machine shops at the early age of 14, remaining at Dundas until the year 1912, when, as managing director of the internationally known firm of John Bertram and Sons, extended business interests made it necessary that he move to Montreal in which city he was residing at the time of his death.

His military experience commenced the age of 16 as a bugler in the 13th Regiment at Hamilton, from which he rose to command the 77th Wentworth Regiment of Hamilton, and later, as Brigadier-General, commanded the 3rd Infantry Brigade. In 1909 he was selected to go to England in command of the Canadian Bisley Team the year when the Canadian team won the Kolapore, McKinnon and Queen's Jubilee Cups, which constituted the first time in history that any one team had carried off this triple event.

His greatest achievement was during the Great War when, as president of the Shell Committee, he developed an organization which as early as 1915 caused this Dominion to lead the whole Empire in shell production and brought government experts up from the United States to study his methods.

Village Curate: "I am told you have a model husband, Mrs. Hicks."

Mrs. Hicks: "Yus, sir, but 'e ain't a workin' model."

Garrison Rifle Association.

April Competition

The result of the troop competition last month gave 2nd Troop an easy victory over their most consistent competitors, "D" Co., the R.C.R. The 2nd Troop beat all previous scores by seven points. The majority of "D" Co. used the aperture sight, as issued, and their low scores in the April shoot were no doubt due either to unfamiliarity with the use of the sight or to defect in the sight itself. This brings up a point that should not be lost sight of. The aperture sight is now in general use for competitive shooting and it has raised the standard of marksmanship, but before satisfactory results can be obtained the rifleman must thoroughly understand the use of the Vernier scale on which the operation of the sight is based. Then again, after being fitted on the rifle, it may require two or three minor adjustments by the armourer before it sits perfect.

Last month's shoot was the final for the winter series, and a review of the progress made during the four months shows a very satisfactory improvement in the general all-round standard of the shooting.

In the troop competitions the 3rd Troop made an excellent start, but in subsequent shoots were nosed out by the 2nd Troop, who increased their team score on each of the four shoots from 641 in January to the high score of 677 in April—the latter score being an average of 85.8 per cent.

The 1st Troop won several individual prizes, but was unfortunate in not having a sufficient number of high scores in any one shoot to win a team prize.

Throughout the series "D" Co., R.C.R., divide honours with the 2nd Troop, much of their success being due to a 90 per cent turnout for each competition, and having no horses to attend to gave them greater facilities for practise.

"D" Co. gave strong support to the association and did much to develop the competitive spirit.

The Commanding Officer, by his strong support throughout, gave valuable assistance to the association, and all ranks in the garrison have co-operated in making it a success.

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The team scores for the D.C.R.A. competition have maintained an average of 86 per cent, which will no doubt be surpassed by a number of the 45 teams entered throughout the Dominion, but is, however, a very good average for what is practically a tyro team.

The ultimate object of the Garrison Rifle Association is to develop and increase the classification standing of all ranks at annual musketry. Good shooting alone will not accomplish this. It requires particular attention to the care and cleaning of the rifle the year round, and each individual man must, during preliminary musketry, note the particularities of his own rifle under various conditions and have any serious mechanical defects rectified by the armourer before commencing classification practices. Trusting to luck or a borrowed rifle will not make many marksmen.

Result of April Shoot—Inter-Troop Competition.

2nd Troop, "A" Squadron	
Q.M.S.I. Brown	97
Tpr. Allingham	89
Tpr. Harrington	87
Sgt. Langley	85

Sgt. Neeves	81
L/Cpl. Fraser	81
Tpr. Gilmore	79
Cpl. McKerrall	78
	677

Next in order, "D" Co., R.C.R.

Ottawa Team

Q.M.S.I. Brown, 2nd Trp.	97
Tpr. Allingham, 2nd Trp.	89
Tpr. Harrington, 2nd Trp.	87
Sgt. Bazely, "D" Co. R.C.R.	86
Sgt. Langley, 2nd Trp.	85
S.S.M. Smith, 1st Trp.	82
Sgt. Neeves, 2nd Trp.	81
L/Cpl. Fraser, 2nd Trp.	81
Pte. Cameron, "D" Co., R.C.R.	80
Lieut. Clark, "D" Co. R.C.R.	80
	848

Recruit's Prize, Tpr. Bold, 3rd Troop, 76.

Special prizes, Cpl. Green, 3rd Troop; Tpr. Hodgkinson, 1st Troop; Pte. Bariteau, "D" Co., R.C.R.

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Bytown Bits.

Commands the Guards.—Lieut.-
Col. R. F. Parkinson, D.S.O., com-
manding the Governor General's
Foot Guards, has been transferred
to the Reserve of Officers on the
completion of his tenure of com-
mand. He has been succeeded by
Major C. B. Topp, D.S.O., M.C.
Major J. C. Foy has relinquished
the post of Adjutant and becomes
Second-in-Command.

Placed Wreaths.—On Sunday,
May 2nd, the G.G.F.G. paraded to
the North-west Rebellion monu-
ment on City Hall Square and
placed wreaths to the memory of
those members of the regiment who
fell at Cut Knife on May 2nd,
1885.

A Happy Event.—On April 29
the wedding took place at All
Saints Church of Lieut.-Col. H. H.
Matthews, C.M.G., D.S.O., and
Miss Helen Tusdale LeSueur, the
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest
LeSueur. The ceremony was con-
ducted by the Rev. G. P. Wooll-
combe, of Ashbury College, assist-
ed by Major the Rev. Channel
Hepburn, M.C. Colonel Matthews
is Assistant Director of Military
Intelligence at Headquarters.

Spring Training.—All units of
the Ottawa garrison are now un-
der way with their spring training.
As the vote for annual training is
\$50,000 less than last year the re-
ductions are again in force. The
P.L.D.G. have received notice that
they will train with 115 men and
88 horses for a period of nine
days. This cuts the strength down
five men and three horses from
last year. About 1953 the Com-
manding Officer will receive word
that he cannot train the one man
and saw horse that he had in 1952,
and go out and get tight.

Help Needed.—In 1919 a sum-
mer thunder-storm came along one
day and lightning smashed the
flag-pole on the Canadian Building
at Headquarters. Owing to pau-
city of funds nothing has been done,
and all worthy persons having the
interests of the country at heart
are asked to forward contributions
as soon as possible in order that
a new pole may be purchased.

These subscriptions may be any-
thing you wish from one cent to
one dollar, and may be sent to the
Honorary Treasurer, the Over-and-
Back Club, Headquarters, Ottawa.

Small Arms School.—The sum-
mer courses at the Canadian Small
Arms School will open at Con-
naught Ranges on July 5th. Tiny

Walker is hoping that no situations
will develop at Cape Breton this
year and that he will be able to
do a good summer's work. The
navy branch of the school repre-
sented by H.M.S. Weapon, will be
in operation as soon as the ice goes
off the lake. A special prize will
be given the student who makes the
most successful trip across the lake
this year. Members of the R.C.V.
N.R. are barred from this contest.
The road to Connaught and also
the Aylmer road are receiving at-
tention, and the Baron hopes to
cut down the record between the
camp and Aylmer by at least ten
minutes.

Bytown Centenary.—Things are
moving on apace towards the cele-
bration of the Bytown Centenary
that is taking place in August.
Various committees have been ap-
pointed and all are at work on
their own bit. The military com-
mittee consists of all the local com-
manding officers and they held a
meeting a few days ago. A sub-
committee consisting of Colonel C.
M. Edwards, D.S.O., commanding
the 8th Infantry Brigade, Col. L.
P. Sherwood, commanding the 2nd
Mounted Brigade, and Col. A. B.
Gillies, commanding the 1st Artil-
lery Brigade, were appointed to
draw up the proposed programme
and to submit it to the main com-
mittee.

Presented Flag.—At a recent
parade of the 9th Ottawa Troop
(St. Barnabas Church) Boy Scouts
Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Blue, P.L.D.
G., presented a Union Jack with
carrier on behalf of the Ottawa and
Hull Garrison Sergeants Associa-
tion.

It was the intention of a num-
ber of P.L.D.G. and gunner offi-
cers to compete in the Toronto Gar-
rison Military Tournament. Lack
of suitable arrangements prevented
them going, but it is hoped that
the affair will be such a success
this year that the local enthusiasts
may have a chance at going to the
next one.

Visited Ottawa.—Saw Captain
Stew Bate and Captain Billy Home
the other day, giving the town the
once-over and the boys and girls
a treat.

Summer Shooting.—The sum-
mer shooting opened at Connaught
Ranges on the 15th instant. The
bone of contention this year is in
the transportation problem. A dele-
gation of commanding officers
representing the Ottawa Garrison
Association waited on Major-Gen-
eral Ashton recently and laid be-
fore him the troubles of the shoot-

ing fans. The street car line is
six miles away from the range and
therefore the busses of the R.C.A.S.C.
have hauled the marksmen from the
car line to the range. This ser-
vice, while helping out, has not
been at all satisfactory, and the
deputation urged the Quartermas-
ter-General to try and make satis-
factory arrangements with the C.
N.R. for the operation of Saturday
afternoon specials to and from
Connaught. The chief difficulty
in this case would appear to be the
securing of a cheap rate and the
outcome is awaited with interest.
As things stand at present the bus
service will be continued, but in
the past it has not been satisfac-
tory, and there is no good guaran-
tee as to the success in the future.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

(Stanley Barracks)

Who was the staff sergeant that
gave the Colonel a full salute with-
out his cap on?

Who was the sergeant that had
his lance pennant upside-down for
three days?

It is suggested that this year
field telephones be installed from
the compound to the officers' horse
lines in order that other officers
may not be disturbed by the con-
tinuous indulgence in voice culture
on the part of two officers who
may be heard at all and sundry
hours chanting in a high tenor or
basso profundo voice "Myson"
"Go'onaway."

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The huntsman rode up to the
door of the village inn on a scrag-
gy, flea-bitten horse of the hansom-
cab type. He dismounted and
handed the animal over to an urchin
with the injunction, "Keep
your eye on it, my lad." A few
minutes later the boy entered the
inn and said to the man, "Hey,
mister, yer 'orse 'as fell down."
The huntsman went out and in-
spected the horse, and, running
back into the inn, roared at the
urchin, "You rascal; you've been
leaning against it."

ZEPHYRE

(From Stanley Barracks)

Our squadron has the pleasure of celebrating the victory of the tug-of-war team, who through their undivided efforts placed themselves in the finals at the coming military tournament.

Recruits are rushing Stanley Barracks for enlistment in the newly-organized "Boys Brigade"—rapid promotion being the drawing card.

Our best wishes are extended to Tpr. Rainey, being officially appointed Troop Sgt.-Major.

Would our typist student oblige the anxious correspondence staff of Stanley with a Mss. on the "Art of Periodical Writing," that a high standard of editorial gaff may be obtained.

We would crave attention from the man who was advised that he being too heavy to ride a certain horse, who was quite capable of carrying 160 pounds, "How to Reduce." How about it, Ack J.?

The new musical ride by "B" Squadron has attracted the public attention greatly of late, while in training, which necessitates police piqueting roads leading to the Exhibition grandstand.

A "B" Squadron man had the pleasure of scrutinizing the art gallery collection of "Missing Links To Be," while visiting a Toronto station of the R.N.W.M.P. Many familiar faces were identified.

"B" Squadron had the pleasure of entertaining the visiting tug-of-war team representing the R.F.C. from Camp Borden over the week-end.

Our best wishes go out to L/Cpl. Smuck and Tpr. McGrath, who are taking a new stride in life, "for better or worse," in civil life. McGrath leaves up rather disappointed owing to the fact that his character could not be compared with that of Smucks. Better luck next time, Mac.

Third Troop have announced that their new book entitled "Royal Sport" will be ready for publication in the very near future. Good old third.
—MILKY WAY.

Cant About Militarism

(From The Mail and Empire, Toronto, May 4th, 1926.)

To the Editor of The Mail and Empire:

Sir:—Scattered here and there throughout the province of Ontario are small groups of well-meaning but hopelessly deluded citizens who seem possessed with the idea that every vestige of military preparedness is wrong, and whose highest conception of their duty as citizens seems to be to throw up their hands in holy horror and raise the cry of "militarism" every time a rifle or a military uniform is displayed to view.

These groups of individuals attack our cadet system, attack the Boy Scout movement, and oppose all expenditure which has for its object the safeguarding of the nation against foreign aggression, and in each and every case the old misnomer, "militarism," is used as a substitute for argument.

Is it not about time that the sober, common-sense of the Cana-

dian people called a halt to the progress of this black nightmare of unreasoning pacifism which, if continued, will eat into the vitality, patriotism and spirit of the rising generation? Nobody but a few "Junkers" in Prussia or professional military men in Japan believe in and uphold war as an occupation to be followed, but the history of the world has repeatedly borne out the fact that when an aggressive and ambitious nation becomes over-populated and requires an outlet for her people, new territory to exploit or develop and new markets for her products, war has resulted sooner or later. This was true in the case of Germany and is rapidly becoming true as regards several other powers of the world today, and if war does come one thing is sure—the nation that is found unprepared is going to suffer. France discovered this fact to her sorrow in 1870, and unpreparedness for war in 1914 cost the Allies thousands of lives. It must not be forgotten that it was the large standing army of France, aided by the small regular army of Britain, which held back the German hordes

during the first few weeks of the last war, until the citizen-armies could be brought to a partially-trained condition. It has been said that Canadian troops with six weeks' training went up against and defeated German troops of many years' training. This is true, but it certainly was not due to the fact that the Germans were not fully trained and the Canadians only partially so. It was due to the magnificent fighting qualities, the spirit, initiative, and courage of the Canadian soldiers.

What are the aims and objects of our cadet corps of today? Their purpose is to instill patriotism, manliness and self-reliance, to inculcate discipline and prompt obedience, and to improve the physical standard of the youth of the land. And are these qualities not as necessary as ever in Canada today? But because these organizations are trained to use the rifle and wear the uniform as befits a force that forms part of our emergency defence system, they become the objects of attacks from narrow-minded critics who seem to see no evils to fight in the drug traffic, the liquor traffic, and other social evils, but concentrate all their energies in an attempt to destroy our already insufficient military estab-

lishment. And with what result if they succeed? Will they raise the physical, mental and moral standard of Canadian boys? Certainly not. By depriving our young men of these activities they will make them a lot of sissy boys, excellent in the execution of the Charleston, splendid dance hall sheiks, but of negligible value as defenders of the nation's firesides. The argument advanced by these critics of our cadet system, namely, that the maintenance of a trained military force will start a war, is on a parity in point of logic and common-sense with the statement that trained policemen are the cause of robberies or that trained firemen are the cause of fires. One would think, according to these critics, that all Canada has to do to assure herself of immunity from attack is to divest herself of every vestige of military force and proclaim to the world that she stands for peace. Would this prevent a nation from attacking us? The answer is obvious to every reasonable citizen. We cannot prevent a nation from attacking us by disarming ourselves, nor can we prevent a war taking place in Europe by the same method.

It has been asked, "by whom are we to be attacked?" By whom

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Johns, P.Q.

were we going to be attacked previous to 1914? No person previous to that time could have definitely pointed out the foe. By whom does the United States expect to be attacked that she recently appropriated 300 million dollars for expenditure on her navy?

Were it not for the great public debt Canada is carrying today, a larger military force instead of a smaller one would be to the purpose. The larger and old powers of the world that have been the cause of most of the wars in the past must be the ones to take the lead in disarmament in the future. Not until they have done so in a wholesale manner will it be safe for the younger nations of smaller population to disarm. On the contrary, the great powers are not disarming, but are spending huge sums on military preparation.

The abolition of our cadet corps and reduction of the present strength of our militia would be a victory for wishy-washy clap-trap and weak-kneed, sloppy sentimentalism in Canada today. It would be a move that would be greeted with applause by every un-Canadian element in our national life. It would be welcomed by every red-flagger, annexationist, separatist, and British-hater in Canada or elsewhere, and would be an encouragement to all those who have everything to gain by a blow aimed at the national spirit of Canada. The League of Nations has not proved a preventive of war preparation among the nations, and for this and the above reasons we must refuse to be led away by the whims of those who, like the chronic free-trader, advocate a course of procedure without taking into account the facts surrounding the question.

Yours, etc.

Harold F. Hendershot.
Stevensville, April 10th.

A man entered a crockery store and asked the proprietor if he had any "Excelsior" packing material. "Certainly," answered the proprietor, "what do you want it for?" "Oh," said the man, "I feed my horses on it." "Feed your horses on it? Why, man, you must be mad." "Not at all, my dear sir, merely Scotch. I put green spectacles on the gee-gees, and they think it's grass."

There lives an instructor named
"Hoppy,"

Whose temper is terribly choppy,
He works by the law,
And his favourite saw
Is, "My lad, you're infernally
sloppy."

A Trooper's Romance.

(Copyright pending. No money returned. Anonymous letters returned unopened. Entered at Stationer's Hall—and thrown out again.)

Act II., Scene I.—The barrack square. (Corpulent person, with mail-carrier's bag, is conversing with a Scruffy Individual, whose attire is strangely reminiscent of cookhouses, dirty pans and grease.)

S.I.—"That's unfortunate, Chesley. I was expecting a large remittance from my people, bai Jove! But this is only a begging letter from one of my poor relations."

C.P.—"What's the matter with him?"

S.I.—"He wants me to raise him from the gutter. What do you suggest?"

C.P.—"Gunpowder."

S.I.—"Don't be ridic., old son. Who owns the big envelope?"

C.P.—"Mundell. It's from Hollywood, I think. He's been making love to an actress who lives there."

S.I.—"Silly ass."

C.P.—"Everybody knows that. There was a rather funny sketch in the last issue of 'The Goat' which mentioned the affair. I wonder who wrote it."

S.I.—"I wonder."

(Enter sergeant-cook. Scruffy Individual instantly spots him, and asks the way to the Officers Mess, departing with great haste on receiving the required information.)
—Curtain.

Act II., Scene II.—The Second Troop barrack room, upstairs. (Enter Corpulent Person. The hero (Tpr. Mundell) will wear his face on the front part of his head in this scene.)

C.P.—"Here's a letter for you, Mundell; a love epistle, I suppose. Ha! Ha! That reminds me of my young days in 1811 when Napoleon crossed the Alps in an open boat and didn't get his feet wet. Ha! Ha!—" (and so ad infinitum.)

Hero.—"I thank you, my dear Chesley. The fair one has responded to the call of love. Look at this wonderful specimen of the photographer's art, autographed. 'Sincerely to you ———' (no names, no pack drill). 'Don't go, Chesley, I will read her letter to you.' (Reads aloud).

"Dear Sir:—Yours of the 13th ult. received and contents noted. Many thanks for your kind remarks re our million dollar production, 'Three Faces East.' I beg to enclose an autographed photograph of Miss ———, for which we make a nominal charge of \$1.50. Same per return mail will oblige. ———, Secretary, Blank Film Corporation, Hollywood."

(Total collapse of hero takes place, to slow music.)

Chorus of Vallains, off—"Har! Har! Har!"

—Curtain.

FINIS

Owing to the unexpected success of this play, I will publish another next month.—The Author. (Editor's note: "Perhaps.")

Regnier's Drug Store.

Look for the **Drug Store** with
the **Red Cross.**

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Cavalry's Prestige in Wartime Mounts.

By Frederic J. Haskin
(Clipping from a Chicago paper)

The results of the 1925 British army manoeuvres refute the statements which have been made that the cavalry is becoming obsolete and will have no important place in another war. In fact it has been said that judging from these results the cavalry "holds a future as brilliant as its past." The London press reports an official decision, based on the manoeuvres, announcing the urgent need of more cavalry.

That the cavalry is viewed with increasing respect by other nations is indicated by the recent announcement that Japan is about to establish an extensive remount service. In many European countries the cavalry is receiving particular attention and is being reorganized. It is realized that the cavalry must be able to fight as well as manoeuvre.

In a recent article Gen. N. N. Golovine, of Russia, replies to the question, "In what shall the striking power of the modern cavalry consist, if the mounted shocks have

become a matter of the past?" he says that in the first place cavalry screen with which every operation must be able to break through the of an army is covered in the theatre of war.

At the beginning of a battle the cavalry must be able to occupy quickly advantageous points of the terrain, pushing back the enemy advance units which have been sent out to take possession of them. It must be able to overpower the enemy units assigned the task of protecting the enveloped flank and rear. Finally, it must be strong enough to break the resistance of enemy rearguard units engaged in holding up their main body's pursuit. Thus, Gen. Golovine continues, it may be said that modern cavalry has not only become the arm of manoeuvre but also of the fight of encounter.

Formerly members of the cavalry were "led" by their officers. The individual was lost in the charging masses. In this day, however, the quickened tempo of manoeuvring necessitates a dismembered formation in which every subordinate leader is faced with the alternative of dismounting and slowing down the manoeuvre or of taking a chance and continuing it mounted with a view to ending it with a mounted charge should

opportunity present itself. In view of this the opinion is expressed that the modern cavalry should be made up of horsemen of higher cavalry spirit than ever before.

It is noted that the Germans have arrived at the same conclusion. General von Posek, of the German cavalry, says: "With pain in heart we must confess that the time of mounted mass encounters have passed."

He further states that at the beginning of the world war German cavalry were unprepared for dismounted fighting but that gradually this became the usual thing. He strongly protests though, that cavalry be not turned into mounted infantry. The latter consists of mounted riflemen, while the general opinion is that modern cavalry should consist of horsemen who are excellent shots and will sit on well-trained horses.

In modern warfare the cavalry must co-operate much more closely with other branches of the army than it did formerly. The organization of larger cavalry units should not be so concerned with their capability of independent action as with the ease with which they may be included into the larger army units. Since the infantry division is the basic tactical unit, its interests come first, and

therefore an army which is looking for a war of movement must provide its infantry divisions with first-class cavalry.

Lieut.-Col. Kenyon A. Joyce, of the United States cavalry, who was an observer of the British army manoeuvres last fall, says that although much has been said of the tactical advantages of moving infantry in motor trucks, an analysis of the various British field exercises would indicate that long columns of motor vehicles carrying infantry are such a vulnerable target for aircraft and artillery that they cannot be used successfully in areas close to the enemy. That is, if these columns are tied to the roads.

Col. Joyce expresses the opinion that unless the army utilizing motor trucks for the transportation of troops has practically complete control of the air and a clear superiority of artillery, such a method would be most hazardous in areas other than those far removed from enemy contact. A bomb at the head of a column and several more in its length would effectively block any truck train and put the troops out probably many miles from their intended point of debarkation.

An acceptance of this premise brings a realization of the value



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of troops and motor transport that can be moved off the roads when necessary. Track vehicles of the caterpillar types which would be available in sufficient numbers to move infantry in a tactical zone without depending upon roads no doubt would be the ideal solution of the problem.

Until such time, however, it seems that in a war movement the effectiveness of air power has made the cavalry of greater importance than ever before. This is because it can traverse great distances, and when necessity demands, advance across country in formations that are least vulnerable from the air. It can do this with much less fatigue than the infantry, and it is believed that with sufficient power in the form of pack artillery, it will probably prove the most effective ground agency in a war of rapidly changing situations.

From his observation of the British army manoeuvres Colonel Joyce makes the following deductions: "That, because of development in the air, the cavalry probably has more importance today than ever before; that cavalry training must specialize on advancing by bounds across country in formations which are least vulnerable from the air; that the training of cavalry should be predicated on the role it will probably play in future, and the time allotted to preparation for mounted action with the saber should be only in proportion to the probable opportunities for such action; that tanks are a most valuable auxiliary to cavalry, and that cavalry must be furnished with suitable anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons, using armour-piercing, tracer projectiles."

The final deduction is that the mechanical transport with a cavalry column should be composed of full-tracked or semi-tracked vehicles, in order that they may be free to operate off the roads when necessary.

All of this encourages the belief that perhaps after all the horse is not to become merely a creature of luxury with no real place in the business of the world. He has gradually lost prestige in the work of the cities since the advent of the motorized vehicles with so much greater speed and endurance. But it appears that he is not to be so easily pushed aside in the game of war.

"What became of your Swedish cook?"

"Oh, she got her Irish up and took French leave."

A Day in Chicago.

First Scene

Chicago Man Getting on Street Car

Conductor: "C'mon; step lively."

Man (feels in his pockets as he gets on): "Righto."

Conductor: "C'mon, c'mon. What d'ye tink dis is, yer private car or sumthin? C'mon, step forward in the car. Plenty of room up in front."

Man: "Here you are, my good man." (Tenders bill to conductor.)

Conductor: "Say, what d'ye tik dis is, a bank?"

Man: "Sorry, I haven't anything smaller."

Conductor: "Well then, get off and walk."

Man: "I won't get off. Here's my fare."

Conductor: "None o' your lip." (He pulls a gun and shoots man. Man falls off car. Car vanishes.)

Second Scene

Man has bandage around his leg. He is waiting on building floor for an elevator. White light shines over elevator cage.

Man: "Up; Up; Four." (Empty elevator shoots past without stopping. Man pushes button again.)

Man: "Up, four Up; Up." (Up please; Up." (Pushes button for third time and plants himself in lights again; elevator shoots by.)

Man: "Up, please. Up four; front of door and begins shaking it. He keeps his eye fastened down the shaft.)

Man: "Up, up, please. Up on four." (Signal lights for third time. Man grows excited.)

Man: (shouting) "UP, UP, UP. Up four, please. UP; UP." (Elevator shoots by. Man mops his brow. Takes a throat lozenge. Fastens himself against elevator gate. Peers down shaft. Yells.)

Man: "Hey, you. What's matter with you? UP; UP; Can't you hear me? UP! UP! (Signal light goes on.)

Man: (violently excited) "Hey, you, stop, stop! Up four. Stop, hey, what's matter?" (Elevator stops suddenly. Door opens.)

Elevator Man: "What you belly-achin about?"

Man: "Me? 'Smatter with you?"

Elevator Man: "'Smatter with me? Say, 'smatter with you?"

Man: "I've been standing here for—"

Elevator Man: "Don't get too fresh."

Man: "I've been waiting to go up for—"

Elevator Man: "Hey, none o' your lip." (Draws gun, shoots man. Slams door and the elevator goes up.)

Third Scene

Man with bandage on his arm. Seated at desk in his office. An insurance agent enters.

Agent: "Good morning."

Man: "What can I do for you?"

Agent: "I have here a full life endowment policy."

Man: "This is my busy day. I have all I can carry. Not interested in insurance."

Agent: "Oh, you're not. What's to become of your wife and children when you're dead?"

Man: "I'll worry about that."

Agent: "Well, you'd better begin worrying right now."

Man: "Oh, is that so?"

Agent: "None of your lip." (He draws gun and shoots him.)

Fourth Scene

Man has bandage on ankle. On way to bank. Bandit approaches. Bandit: "Stick up your hands."

Man: "Who? Me?"

Bandit: "Yes, you. And hurry up about it. I ain't got all day."

Man: (putting up his hands) "This is an outrage."

Bandit: "Keep 'em up." (Goes through his pockets quickly.) "Is that all you got?"

Man: "I'll notify the authorities. This is an outrage."

Bandit: "None o' your lip." (Draws gun. Shoots man.)

Fifth Scene

News stand. Man has arm in sling. New bandage.

Man: "Hello there, Jack."

Newsie: "Say, my name ain't Jack. Where d'ye get that Jack stuff?"

Man: "What's the news? Anything happened today?"

Newsie: "Don't stand there readin' all the headlines. Dese papers are on sale."

Man: "I know, old man."

Newsie: "Say, lay off that old man stuff. Buy a paper and beat it. You're blockin' the traffic."

Man: "Thank you; I have a paper, my good fellow."

Newsie: "Den wot de hell youse hangin' around here for?"

Man: "Oh, it's a free country."

Newsie: "None o' your lip." (Draws gun. Shoots him.)

Sixth Scene

Man now on crutch with leg in sling. Hobbles in and sits down

at his dining table. Wife opposite him.

Wife: "Anything doing today?"

Man: "No, pretty quiet."

Wife: "There's the loveliest movie down the street. Let's go, John."

Man: "Sorry, Mabel, I'm tired. Won't you go yourself, dearest?"

Wife: "That's just like you. Slaving away all day for you and then you refuse me a little pleasure like this. You're a selfish brute, that's what you are."

Man: "Oh, I wouldn't say brute, darling."

Wife: "None of your lip." (Draws gun and shoots him.)

Seventh Scene

Man in bed. Both legs in splints. One arm in splints. Head in bandage. He is asleep. Burglars enter softly through window. They are masked and carry flashlights. Man wakes up.

Man: "Who's there?"

Burglar: "Who the hell d'ye suppose? Your rich uncle from Australia? Gag him, Pete."

Pete: "All right, Mike."

Man: "Help!"

Pete: "None of your lip." (He shoots him.)

Man: (feebly) "Help! Murder."

Policeman enters through window.

Policeman: "What's up? Anything wrong?"

Man: (feebly) "Help!"

Policeman: "Where'd they go to? (Burglars stand on one side. Policeman flashes lantern on man) "I got you."

Man: "Not me not me."

Policeman: "None of your lip." (He shoots man in bed.)

Eighth Scene

Man sits up in bed, upholstered with splints, bandages, etc. He reaches out his hand and picks up gun from floor with crutch. Gets it into his hand. Looks at it woefully.

Man: "I guess I'll call it a day. (Gets mad a himself) "None of your lip." (Shoots himself.)

Patrick and Michael were on the tramp.

"How did ye git on at the doctor's house, Moike?"

"Sure, Oi did foine. The doctor himsilf came to the door and trated me as if Oi was one of his own patients."

"Did he, be jabbers! Phwat did he say?"

"Faith, Pat, he advised me to try a warmer climate."

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Writing Home.

Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, P.Q.
May 15th, 1926.

Dear Dad:—Well, I guess you think I have forgotten to write you, as it is such a time since I writ last, but I have been on the go every day and aint had no time for letter writing.

Well, Dad, in my last letter I told you I would give the reason why I did not write before and said I had been standin up all week. After I had got my breeches fixed up by a guy called Henderson, what pushes the needle here, "Almighty Voice" comes to me and says, "You're for Recruits Ride in the morning, My Lad, and be on time at stables too, "Well, Dad, I gets up with the rest of the guys from our room at 6.30 ack emma, (thats a Military dope for "morn-ing" I heard "Red Head" use when he was talking through the phone to the Signalling Sergeant here) and we goes over to stables. I goes to my Troop Sergeant a guy called "Sheehy" who has St. Vitus Dance with his tongue, and he tells me to groom a horse called "Polly". Well I gets a Brush called a "Dandy" Bush thugh if you had saw it you would not have given a cent for it but I guess anything that holds together is cal- called a "Dandy" brush though if room with the horse "Polly and tries to get acquainted and not wanting to be too rough whit him I starts kind of gentle like to clean him off. Before I had got very far, I finds it ain't that kind of a horse and we gets on fine, I al- ways was a bear cat with the La- dies, eh, Dad ?.

Well, soon the Sarge comes along and watches me for a while and then he grabs the brush out of my hand and says: "WWWWhhhaattt the Hell are you gggrrrrrooming for at mmmorning sstttttables. TTTake the horse out and wa- ter it." Well, I takes the rope and collar off the horse and calls her to come on out, but she won't move, so I tries to shove her out. I grabs her by the ears and signs for her to shove into reverse, but I guess we don't understand each other cause we don't seem to get going. Finally I tries to push harder and harder and just as I gets all set to give a final shove she gets her gear into reverse and backs out and I falls on my face on the mattress which don't smell any too good. Well, I gets my stead watered and then we comes back to the stall and gets ready to feed. Say, it certainly is funny here. I gets some oats from the

box where it is kept and fixes it all up in the bag for my gee, and after a whale of a struggle to get it on her head, I gets it there, and Gee, I was that proud I was fit to be tied cause none of the other guys had even figured out yet how to get the darned bag on and was standing looking at the horses. I guess the other gees got mad cause mine was fed first, for they all started to raise Hell, and the Sarge comes along and instead of giving me credit for being so smart he gives me Hell and says, "WWWWhhhy the Hell don't I wait for the ttttrumpet to sssound." Can you beat that?

Well, Dad, after I had some eats, I goes over to my room and gets all dolled up in my breeches and then goes ofer to the stables to get the saddle on the horse. When I gits there I finds some other guy has took the gee and left me a darned old plug what looks as if it aint seen the vacuum cleaner for a couple of months. Can you beat that? I goes to find the Sarge but he ain't around so I starts put- ting the darnedest contraption on the moke ou ever see. First of all you got o fut on a blanket folded up so the gee won't get cold, and then we puts on the saddle. Gee, Dad, it was so heavy I could hardly lift it and I sure was glad I was not born a horse. When I tries to put the braces under him he blows himself up lke a balloon and I can't get nowhere. Finally a guy comes along and gives me a hand and by kicking the gee in the ribs we make him let out the air and we straps up the braces. Then I gets the halter on and tries to get the bit in his mouth. Say, Dad, that horse was so mean he wouldn't open his mouth one inch and even when I tries to give him oats he closes up like a clam before I could make a move. Then, when I had got disgusted with him, a guy comes along and tickles the horse in the lip and while he was laugh- ing he slips the bit in. Some stunt, eh, Dad?

Well, we goes out on the square and lines up in a row. The Sarge looks us over and says we is the lousiest bunch he has ever seen, then a guy with a stick comes along and looks at us and says my puttees is awful and finally the tall skinny Major looks us over and just groans. I guess we ain't much as soljers yet. Then we goes in a big barn called the riding school and a guy with a moustache like the Kaiser comes in and bawls us out. Say, Dad, that guy don't love no one and he picks on us all. Everything we does is wrong, and he keeps us standing with one foot in the stirrup trying to get c the horse for so long, cause Pete

Hayseed, one of the other new guys, was all bawled up, that I thought my leg would break. I guess I didn't know when I was well off, cause being on the ground was O.K. to what it was on the horse. When I gets on the gee and starts to move I thought I was on a camel. Say, that horse knows every wiggle in the calendar and I bet he can Charleston grand. I felt as if someone had put bricks in my saddle it was that hard, and I couldn't shift for fear of falling off. The guy with the big mous- tache kept yelling at us all the time, "Keep your head up, No. 3; Keep your feet down, No. 2; Take that hump off your back, No. 4; Don't kiss that horse, No. 1." Say, he is a darb as swearing too. There is more talking and less action in learning to ride than there is at a Methodist prayer meeting back home.

Just as we was getting on fine a darned black dog comes and stads in the doorway and my horse gets mad and backs away quick- like and I lands on the floor. I guess I wasn't hurted much, but my mouth was all full of red stuff and it tasted like nothing on earth. "Who told you to dis- mount?" says Smart Alec with the moustache. I had a real smart answer for him, Dad; but my mouth was too full of dust to spit it out. He ain't so smart, cause I seen that joke in a funny paper back home. Well, Dad, just as I was hoping my nag would flall down and die, the door opens and a smart looking little guy comes in and says, "Dismiss, Sergeant Hop- kinson." So we calls it a day and for my way of thinking they ought to have called it a week.

Will write again real soon, Dad, and thanks for the buck you sent me.

Best love,

Yours,
Jim.

The church conference was over, and the hostesses were returning from seeing the visitors off.

"Who did you have, Mrs. Brown?" asked Mrs. Retlaw.

"Oh, a very nice minister. Who did you have?"

"I had two locust preachers," confessed Mrs. Retlaw.

"You mean local preachers. Lo- custs are those things that come in swarms and eat everthing."

"That's right," said her friend, "I had two of them."

Patient: "Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?"

Doctor: "Perhaps not; but go- ing fishing seems to invigorate the imagination."

Correspondence.

Three Rivers, Que.
April 30th, 1926.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—It is with the greatest of pleasure I renew my subscription to "The Goat." On account of meeting so few members of the regiment I have come to depend on your society and personal columns to keep me in touch with the wrong-doings of the various members, both active and inactive (I mean that) and also of a certain popular "colonel admiral" who insists in getting stuck on Lake St. Peter every year, although now that he is married I don't suppose the services of the local life-boat crew will be needed any more. I have only one criticism to make about your worthy effort, and that is that it is becoming too much like pay-day—we no sooner get it than we are waiting for the next issue.

Please pay my respects to the officers and men of the barracks, and very best wishes for a successful year for your good selves.

Yours very truly,

W. J. Whitehead.

Ottawa, April 30th, 1926.

Dear Editor:— I found one of those white slips in my "Goat" today and it reminded me that I had not sent along my subscription for the year. Really, I think the paper is picking up, and it was good of you to refer to my work in your editorial as you did. As old Gill used to say in France, "A kind word never hurt anybody."

Was tickled to read Powell's letter this month, and of course there was only one Newe when it came to the bloody blue-nosed that he used to get off his chest. One day he was doing the trumpet stunt down near St. Ouen. He gave "Troops right-about wheel" to Patterson, and Pat got it "Troops right wheel," which he sounded, and the squadron conformed. Newe excelled himself that day and w etroop leaders were a bit hot under the collar at it all but Newe saw the error of his ways at last and stood a couple of bottles f bubblely to smooth down the troubled waters.

Am glad to see the Old Comrades Association is getting under way again, and would suggest that they have moveable feasts in the different districts so that we can all get a whack at it. At present we are getting ready for our summer work and are doing our best to uphold our place as the best cavalry regiment in Canada. Why not invite your readers, especially

those who were with the regiment during the war, to send in what they considered was the funniest thing they saw in France, or overseas anywhere. It would awaken a lot of memories that may be dying down.

Best luck to all the old sweats.
BILL BLUE.

P.S.—"The Goat" costs \$1.00 a year. Out of that you spend 12 cents for postage. That leaves the sum of 88 cents for 12 copies, and no one ought to say that is too much.

Chicago, May 13th, 1926.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—By the time this issue of "The Goat" goes to press, my resignation will have taken effect and I will be a full-fledged civilian. I take this opportunity, therefore, to express through the medium of our regimental paper, my very deep regrets that my connection with the Royal Canadian Dragoons as a serving member has ceased. I lay particular stress on the "serving member," as I hope that I will always be connected otherwise with the dear old regiment.

I believe I am correct in stating that Major Bowie, Major Timmis and I were the only three officers left who had served with the regiment continuously throughout the period from Valcartier to our return from overseas, or to be more precise, the only three who had not served during the war with some other unit. During my period of service, under five different commanding officers, it seemed to me that no matter who commanded the regiment, or under what trying circumstances, the 'esprit de corps' never lessened and the actual value of the unit to the Canadian Cavalry Brigade will never show in the pages of history.

Under war conditions and during the trying periods of re-organization and Duty in Aid of Civil Power, no better proof of the regimental spirit could exist than to see the efficient body of officers and men that comprise the Royal Canadian Dragoons of today. I am delighted to read of the progress the Old Comrades Association has made and I shall value my membership card in that splendid fraternity of Comrades of the War amongst my most cherished possessions.

In conclusion, I wish "The Goat" the very best of success, and can assure you of my heartiest co-operation at all times. To my friends and comrades still having

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the honour to serve in the regiment I send my heartiest wishes for their future, and, in the language of the poet, say "Au Revoir" but not "Good-bye." You all have the task of keeping the regiment where it has always been, in the very foremost ranks of the cavalry, a task which I know will be comparatively easy with the personnel that exists within the unit.

Wishing you all the very best of luck, I remain,

Always your comrade in arms,

ROY NORDHEIMER.

1 Ernest Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find \$1.00, my subscription to "The Goat," a copy of which was duly received, and I was pleased to read the contents of same. I was present at the R.C.D. Old Comrades Re-union and Smoker and was pleased to meet so many of the old boys again, some of whom I had quite forgotten. It certainly was a great and grand re-union. Everyone was highly elated at meeting one another once more. These greetings were manifested espec-

ially to me, for during the war I was employed in the Q.M. stores at the depot, where about 1700 men passed through our hands, so you can guess I was well known by a good many.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

H. J. SPRENT.

(Ex. Sgt., R.C.D.)

P.S.—Sorry to hear that S.M. Jackie Dowdell has been ill. Kindest regards to him please, and trust he is O.K. again.

H.J.S.

57 Melrose Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I am enclosing my subscription for "The Goat." The sample I have received touches the spot—a vulnerable spot.

Hoping this is the "umpteenth" that you have received today.

Yours very truly,

V. H. LONGSTAFFE,
(Ex. 3743, 3rd Trp., "A" Sqn.)

Chicago, May 15th, 1926.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I was sorry to have been so late in sending in some copy for "The Goat," but I have

been terribly busy the last week and got no time to work on it. However, I hope it reaches you in time for publication in the May issue, as I forwarded it yesterday.

As you will see by the above address I have changed my place of business and am now connected with Alfon Bahr and Co. as manager of their horse insurance department. I like it very much better and have to deal with the horse owners, and they are certainly a nice crowd. I have been up at the Chicago Riding Club and the Spur and Saddle Club practically every night this week, and while it is very nice being entertained at such exclusive clubs, it is pretty strenuous when one gets up at seven in the morning, and were it not for my very excellent training with the "Night Hawk Club of St. Johns" I might not be able to stand the pace.

I have been out at Fort Sheridan quite a lot and have had some very interesting chats with Major West and Capt. Rhodes, who was No. 3 of the U.S. army polo team. His opinion of the last army games in England is very interesting, and he attributes the defeat of the English to poor selection and bad riding.

The weather here has been very cold and windy, and this is the first warm day we have had in weeks. Next month there will be a number of open-air horse shows and I hope to be able to ride in some events. I have not ridden since coming here and expect I will find it pretty hard to start again. You would be surprised at the interest taken here in horses, and there are some very lovely animals among those owned. I suppose you will soon be having the re-union dinner, and I wonder where it is going to be this year.

With very best regards to all,

ROY NORDHEIMER.

A hush fell over the court as the defending counsel rose to his feet to question the last witness.

"My good sir," he began, in his customary manner. "I want you to answer the question in as few words as possible, whether, when you were crossing the street, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side with the taxi opposite on the left, and the motor car trying to pass the bus, you saw the plaintiff between the two, or whether you saw him at all; whether he was near the taxi, omnibus or motor-car, or either, or which of them respectively?"

A man is never contented with his lot until he occupies one in the cemetery.

Balbus, the Bat.

(From London Punch)

Balbus was just an ordinary bat. A bat, in case you don't know, is one of those things that whizz silently up and down the lower air at incredible speeds while you are strolling in the mess garden in the evening. The only other information I have about bats is that they do not appear to like cigar smoke and that their steering is too wizardly for words.

The bats that use our mess garden do not have names as a general rule, but Balbus distinguished himself from the others by actually coming into the mess on three occasions.

The first time it happened there was a bit of a sensation. We were sitting at dinner indulging in the usual high-souled chit-chat of the Army taking its leisure. I think the question under discussion was Where should a Quarter-Master Sergeant be when a battalion is on the line of march? The answer to which is, according to the drill-book, is "on the right of No. 16 Section Commander," but in practice is of course "in the next village getting the best billet for himself." In the middle of all this Balbus just simply appeared.

He winged his silent way in at one window, circled the room once, flicked so suddenly across the mess waiter's face that the man dropped a toast-rack, and shot out into the night by another window. It was all over before we realised that anything had happened. Then Captain Bayonet remarked severely to the world at large that that was no sort of way to go on at all, and Lieutenant Holster said he could hardly credit a thing like that. The junior subaltern, who is a natural history expert and spends his field-days lining a hedge and studying beetles, said it was a bat, while the waiter's unexpressed opinion appeared to be that it was a "Hush-hush" aeroplane.

That, so to speak, was Balbus's preliminary reconnaissance. He appeared again the next night and exactly the same thing happened, except that unfortunately the mess waiter was carrying a bowl of soup. Captain Bayonet said he could hardly credit a thing like that, and Lieutenant Holster said it was not sort of way to go on at all. After which considered opinion there was a silence, broken only by the rather too audible voice of the waiter in the adjacent kitchen telling the cook that a "plummy weasel on wings had blown in his blinkin' face."

Next evening was the night of

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MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1877.

the big battle. Previously we had been restrained from reprisals by the Colonel's presence, but this night he was dining out and we had determined to take a strong line over things flying about in our mess-room. Balbus, in short, if he arrived, was to be driven out at once.

Balbus did not appear until after the port had been round twice. He had almost forgotten about him when he came suddenly in at the window, and the cautious mess waiter, who this time was carrying a full decanter, left hurriedly at the door. Balbus flew round and round the mess-room at an unbelievable speed a bare inch or so above the heads of those sitting at the table. Each time he flew down the line everyone's head ducked in turn—like one of those wooden toys representing chickens feeding out of a trough. Then Captain Bayonet took the matter in hand and, as pre-arranged, gave the call to arms.

There are hanging on the wall at the end of the mess various weapons and insignia which at one time belonged to a platoon of African natives. We rose from table and seized upon these. Captain Bay-

onet wore a chief's head-dress and directed operations from a corner. Lieutenant Holster had a rusty two-handed sword, while Lieutenant James secured a bow and a quiver of arrows. Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who was dining in that evening, took a tom-tom, pronounced "tum-tum," as we all rudely pointed out to him within ten seconds. The junior subaltern got a Dyak blowpipe from somewhere, and I secured a dagger. Others had various weapons, ranging from a stick with spikes on the delivery end to a club with large and nobby-looking warts. As soon as we had all fallen in, battle was joined.

The difficulty was, we soon found, to see Balbus at all. He went so fast that he had arrived there almost before he had left here, if you know what I mean. But our moral was high. We were resolutely determined to evict him as soon as possible.

The attack opened with a broadsword charge by Lieutenant Holster; our archery squad, Lieutenant James being in support. The blow-piper was kept in tactical reserve.

To the inspiring notes of the

"Charge," by Captain Ledger, they advanced gallantly, and Lieutenant Holster clave a chair from helm t chine, while James put an arrow through a portrait of a Very Distinguished General. Balbus was unharmed and instantly delivered a surprise air attack upon our left flank, where the subaltern who was wielding the stick with spikes, in attempting a "Tilden" service, hit himself behind the ear and had to be taken to the Casualty Clearing Station.

Captain Bayonet then ordered the second wave to go over, and, standing on the table, I nearly succeeded in pinning Balbus to the ceiling with my dagger. Balbus, however, produced a good "Immelmann" turn at the critical moment, and the dagger is still there. As we can't get it out the mess-sergeant is going to use it to hang mistletoe on at Christmas; but that is beside the point.

The conflict raged, with three-quarters-of-an-hour's break for refreshments, for an hour-and-a-half, at the end of which time Balbus appeared to be developing slight engine trouble, but seemed otherwise fit and well. The casualties on our side, however, had been terrific. Arrows were sticking everywhere, and the portrait of the Very Distinguished General looked rather like a picture of St. Sebastian. A large amount of crockery had been broken and chairs shattered; and Lieutenant Holster had been severely damaged in the eye by an olive from the junior subaltern's blow-pipe. Incredible as it may seem, we had so far failed to drive Balbus out. He even appeared to be enjoying it.

At eleven p.m. Captain Ledger was badly punctured in his "pronounced tum-tum" and put out of action. At eleven-five Balbus took refuge in Captain Bayonet's head-dress, and Captain Bayonet only just stopped the subaltern with the nobby-looking club in time.

At eleven-six time Colonel walked unexpectedly in.

There was a silence.

The Colonel just looked at us all. He asked what we were doing. We replied that we were just driving a bat out of the mess as live-stock was not permitted in barracks. We added that we had had a little trouble.

The Colonel looked at us all again. He can look too.

Then he just looked at Balbus, without any more fuss Balbus got up and flew straight out of the window.

There was another silence as the Colonel stalked out, broken only by Captain Bayonet remarking in an undertone that that was no sort

A Link With Canada's Early Cavalry

(By Lieut.-Colonel Walker Harden Brook Bell, D.S.O.)

(From The Cavalry Journal)

Royal Canadian Dragoons

While the history of the Royal Canadian Dragoons of the Canadian Permanent Force may properly be said to start from the organisation of the Cavalry School Corps in 1883, the regiment may fairly claim to be linked, and that very closely, with the earliest cavalry history of Canada.

It is with a view to making clear how this claim is established, and because it is considered that the matter may be of general interest, that the following extracts from "Historical Records and Digest of services of the Regiment together with some few comments have been compiled:—

Some of the records, from which the extracts quoted have been taken, are in the writing of the first commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Turnbull, but the greater portion consist of clippings from newspapers, official reports orders, etc. While in every case there is abundant evidence of the correctness of the facts, various competent authorities being quoted the names and dates of the journals from which they are taken have, in most cases, been omitted, and as a consequence the journals in question cannot be given credit for any extracts which may be quoted.

While almost all the information given is inserted with a view to establishing the correctness of the claim made in the first paragraph, an occasional item not bearing on the theme, but which is felt to be of general interest, has been inserted.

Of the extracts which follow, the first is taken from Colonel Turnbull's "Preface to the Records," and shows clearly that he recognised a connection between the Cavalry School Corps and the Cavalry of Quebec in the past.

"Now in a School of Instruction such as this Corps is, it seems to me, the Commandant, advisable to first record a little history of Cavalry service in connection with Quebec in the past the outcome of which is the Cavalry School Corps

of to-day.

"I find that the first horse in Quebec was the one sent out in 1648 to Governor de Montmagny—and the first mention of mounted retainers or escorts to Governors was when the Marquis de Tracy was here from 1665-8. For these facts I have to thank Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. LeMoine, Sedentary Militia, the well-known historian of Spencer Grange, and am also indebted to him for many other particulars and researches which follow."

(Signed) J. F. Turnbull, Lt. Col.
Commandant, Cavalry School
Corps.

Citadel, Quebec,
13-12-86.

"About twenty years before the

final conquest of this country the Governor and Commander in Chief by permission of His Majesty the King of France, raised two corps of volunteer cavalry from among the young gentlemen of Quebec, who owned their own horses, allowing them to uniform and equip themselves at their own expense, pretty much in the same way as this squadron has had to do ever since. No permanent service seems to have been required to be performed by the corps before the war with England, and only occasional parades are spoken of, in fact it is more than probable that at first they were for ornament rather than for use; however this may be, no sooner was it known that General Wolfe's expedition was on its way to attack Quebec than these 'beau sabreurs' were

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of way o go on at all. Lieutenant Holster was heard to add that he could hardly credit a thing like that.
A.A.

right well did they perform their called out for active service, and arduous duties in maintaining communication between General Montcalm's army at Beauport and the city of Quebec, and also patrolling the heights from the citadel, all along the plains of Abraham, and the St. Lawrence river as far as Cap Rouge. Especial mention is made by one of the captains of Wolfe's ships of the indefatigable way in which these men did their duty, and the clever little active horses they rode, looking the picture of what light cavalry should be, in their blue and silver uniforms. During the first winter of the British occupation the survivors of the volunteer cavalry, with one or two exceptions, returned to civil life and their professional and commercial employments, taking the natural course decided for them by the English and French kings, and as a matter of course, becoming loyal British subjects after the battle of St. Foy."

LeMoine, in his "Quebec, Past and Present," tells us that "The Quebec Volunteer Cavalry," numbering 200 men, were commanded by one of Montcalm's aides-de-camp, a cavalry officer, Captain La Roche Beaucourt, or as Mr. Joseph Marmette, in his interesting novel entitled, "L'Intendant Bigot," states, p. 139: "On forma aussi un corps de cavalerie, et le S. de la Roche-Beaucourt, aide-de-camp de M. de Montcalm, et capitaine de cavalerie, en fut fait commandant."

Miles' "History of Canada under the French Regime" says at page 370 "that Montcalm had a reserve of upwards of 2,000 colonial troops and Indians, and 350 horsemen."

Knox's "Historical journal of the Campaign in North America," published in London in 1769, constantly alludes to, and gives the highest praise to the valuable services which the Quebec Volunteer Cavalry rendered to the French army in the defence of Quebec. The historical records show that they were engaged in both the battle of the Plains of Abraham and that of St. Foy the following spring.

"Little is known of the individual men after this, and nothing was done to revive the Volunteer Cavalry in Quebec until about the year 1805, when the Hon. Mathew Bell determined upon organising a corps of volunteer cavalry, and did so a year or two afterwards, spending a very considerable sum of money out of his own private purse to equip them; and as he frequently took the corps to Three Rivers (about 90 miles) and gave them other opportunities of a run across country with his pack of

harriers, many of the "bloods" of the city were in the ranks.

"When the American War of 1812 broke out the Quebec Volunteer Cavalry were the first to offer their services, which were gladly accepted, and up to the termination of hostilities in 1815 the corps was more or less in constant requisition for one kind of duty or another . . .

"To come to more recent times—The cavalry during the troubles of 1837 performed constant service and received general praise from both French-Canadians and British citizens alike, for their uniform good conduct and the moderation with which the arduous and trying police work of that winter was performed—but then, as now, there was always an 'esprit de corps' which rose above any party feelings or differences in race or religion—for in the ranks of 1837 were French-Canadians, some of them the descendants, too, of the original members, English, Irish, and Scotch, Catholics and Protestants, all animated when in uniform by but one spirit—obedience to orders and the performance of a soldier's duty . . ."

"In 1855 the Canadian Government having received a gift of the Ordnance and other lands, decided to establish an active militia force, so a meeting was called at the Albion Hotel of all young gentlemen who were fond of riding to take advantage of the new act and form a troop of volunteer cavalry; the only member who joined at that meeting who is still in the squadron is Lt.-Col. Turnbull. It so happened that difficulties arose about the appointment of officers and other matters, which ended in the troop offering their services to Colonel Bell and officers of the old Quebec Volunteer Cavalry, and incorporated themselves with this ancient corps, thus perpetuating the unbroken continuation of the original regiment down to the present time."

From a perusal of other information given in the same records, the Quebec Volunteer Cavalry continued to function very actively, as the following extracts will show:—

"The Corps was gazetted on the 17th of January, 1856, and formed into a squadron on the 13th of November of the same year. It had also the honour of being inspected by Col. de Rottenberg on the Plains of Abraham, who, at a dinner given him the same evening at Kent House, St. Louis street, made sundry promises, which induced the officers to immediately construct a riding school at their own expense."

"In 1860 the Volunteer Cavalry

took a prominent part in the reception to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, forming escorts, etc., and Mr. J. F. Turnbull was unanimously named, at a meeting of citizens, as secretary of the reception committee."

In 1865 the presence of the 13th Hussars in Canada was taken advantage of by the Government to obtain the formation of two schools of cavalry—four N.C.O.'s from the Quebec Squadron attended the Montreal school."

"The squadron was called out for service by the municipal authorities in connection with the ships' carpenters' riots, and was also put on active service in anticipation of the Fenian Raids of 1870."

"The withdrawal of the Imperial Army having caused the formation of a local permanent force, viz., "A" and "B" Batteries, Major Turnbull, who had received his brevet rank on the 28th of May, 1869, foreseeing the necessity of having also a cavalry school, applied, and was sent in 1872 to the 7th Hussars at Aldershot for further instruction, returning in time for the Point Levis camp, where the squadron performed their annual drill."

"In 1874 Major Turnbull was

promoted to a brevet Lieut.-Colonel, and attached to the Cavalry Brigade staff at Aldershot for the manoeuvres of 1875."

"On the 12th of June, 1878, the squadron was called out for service in connection with the ship labourers' riots, and again on the 12th of July, 1879, on each occasion remaining on duty for several days."

"In 1879 the corps received from Her Majesty, in consideration of its long and meritorious service and loyalty, permission to be designated as 'The Queen's Own Canadian Hussars.'"

" . . . on 30th October, 1879, Lieutenants Thomas S. Hethrington, and Charles Sharples' names appeared in the 'Gazette.'"

The Thomas S. Hethrington mentioned above, (now a major on the retired list, and a former commanding officer of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars) was the first officer to be attached to the Cavalry School Corps for instruction. He was attached at about the time the school was organized and obtained the first certificate ever issued at the school.

The "records" are replete with much history concerning the various activities of the "Queen's Own Canadian Hussars" and its

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several forerunners, but enough, perhaps, has been given to trace the history of that unit without a break, to the early days of British Canada, and to show its connection with the cavalry of the French regime. The Queen's Own Canadian Hussars were disbanded several years before the Great War.

The Cavalry School Corps was organised in 1883 by Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull. It was organised as a Hussar unit, and as such wore Hussar uniform, and remained Hussars until, to again quote from the record:—"By a G.O. dated 24th May, 1892, the Cavalry School Corps from being Hussars was changed to 'Canadian Dragoons,' and by a G.O. dated 11th August, 1893, information was received that Her Gracious Majesty had conferred upon the corps the title of 'Royal Canadian Dragoons.'" For the first two years of its existence the Cavalry School Corps used the saddlery and arms of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars to enable it to function until the arrival of its own equipment.

In 1893 the regiment moved to Stanley Barracks, Toronto, and a squadron was sent to Winnipeg. This squadron later formed the nucleus of the Strathcona Horse.

In 1895 Colonel Turnbull was succeeded in the command by Lt.-Col. (now Major-General) F. L. Lessard, C.B. (retired).

On the outbreak of the South African War the regiment, recruited up to war strength, proceeded to South Africa as the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles, and whilst in the field, by special permission of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, was allowed to resume its proper title of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. The regiment was commanded throughout the campaign with distinction by Lieut.-Colonel Lessard, who was awarded the C. B. Among the numerous decorations received during this campaign were three V.C.'s.

In 1908, during the visit of His Majesty the King, as Duke of Cornwall and York, to the tercentenary at Quebec, the Royal Canadian Dragoons furnished the ceremonial and escort duties, and as a reward His Majesty was graciously pleased to become "Colonel-in-Chief" of the regiment.

General Lessard was succeeded in the command by Lieut.-Colonel, now Major-General, V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G. (retired), who was in turn succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel, now Brig.-General, C. M. Nelles, C.M.G. (retired).

On the outbreak of the Great War the regiment was mobilised at Valcartier, under the command of Colonel Nelles, and served throughout the war, acting dis-

mounted with the First Canadian Division until January, 1916, when it was withdrawn with the remainder of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade to be re-mounted, and from then until the close of the war formed part of the British Cavalry Corps.

Colonel Nelles was succeeded in the command by the late Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Van Straubenzee, killed in action 9th October, 1918.

On its return from overseas the regiment was reorganised under Lieut.-Colonel F. Gilman, D.S.O., and reverted to its peace establishment with headquarters and "B" Squadron at Toronto, and "A" Squadron at St. Johns, Quebec. Colonel Gilman was succeeded in the command by the present commanding officer. "A" Squadron is commanded by Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and "B" Squadron by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Of those regimental officers still on the active list in Canada are Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of Staff, and Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., late Adjutant-General, now G.O.C. Military District No. 3.

By permission of His Majesty the King, the regiment has recently been affiliated with the 1st Royal Dragoons ("The Royals").

When it is realized that it was as an officer of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars that Col. Turnbull conceived the idea of forming a cavalry school, that it was in this capacity he applied for and was granted the necessary appointments to enable him to prepare himself for the task of forming such a school, that it was as Officer Commanding this corps that he applied for, and mainly through his instigation that authority was granted him to form the Cavalry School Corps, it will be readily acknowledged that there is a link between the now defunct Queen's Own Canadian Hussars and the present Royal Canadian Dragoons. It may not, therefore, be too much to say that the Royal Canadian Dragoons have fallen heir to the historical traditions of the Quebec Volunteer Cavalry; that the record of the regiment can be carried back to the earliest days of British Canada, and that we form a link with the days when the "Fleur de Lys" flew over the citadel at Quebec and Wolfe's glorious accomplishment had not yet been achieved.

Note.—The writer is indebted to Major E. A. H. Thrington, R.C.D. (retired), for his assistance in the preparation of this article.

Friendship that does not stand with you in adversity is not worthy of the name.

Victoria Day Sports.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Below is the proposed programme for the annual Victoria Day Dismounted Sports, to be held at the Cavalry Barracks on May 24th. The events are open to any member of the Garrison, and the challenge cups referred to are those presented by J. R. Gaunt and Son for the troop gaining the highest number of points (also open to "D" Coy., R.C.R.) and by Captain R. B. Leblanc, R.C.D. (R.O.) for the individual gaining most points.

Event. Time

1. 10.00 a.m. Best Turned Out Section.
2. 10.15 a.m. Putting the Shot.
3. 10.45 a.m. Tug-o'-War (heats) 8 men and 1 coach.
4. 11.00 a.m. 100 Yards Dash.
5. 11.15 a.m. High Jump.
6. 11.40 a.m. Broad Jump.
7. 12.00 Noon 440 Yards.
8. 12.15 p.m. Boys under 15 years.

Afternoon

9. 2.00 p.m. Three-Legged Race. Ankles and above knee tied.
10. 2.15 p.m. Relay Race, 4 men each 220 yards.
11. 2.30 p.m. Tug-o'-War Finals
12. 2.45 p.m. Sack Race, 50 yards.
13. 3.00 p.m. One Mile Race.
14. 3.15 p.m. Ladies' 50 Yards Dash
15. 3.30 p.m. Old Soldiers' Race, 75 yards, Over 35 and under 90 years.
16. 3.45 p.m. Boat Race (Selected Course) 8 men and 1 cox.
17. 4.00 p.m. Children's Race, Boys and Girls under 10 years.
18. 4.15 p.m. Obstacle Race (Selected Course).

Events to count for Challenge Cup, Troop and Individual, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 15, 18.

Events Nos. 10, 11 and 16, the winning troop will receive 10 points, and the runners-up 5 points.

OFFICIALS

Referee—Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D.

Judges—Capt. R. E. Balders, M.C., R.C.R.; Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.; Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D.; Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.; Capt. M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C.; Lieut. R. C. Clark, R.C.R.; Lieut. J. deS. Laterriere, 11th Hussars.

Starter—S.M. (W.O.1.) J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.)

Announcer—S.S.M. C. W. Smith, R.C.D.

Clerks of the Course—Sgt. J. Bazley, R.C.R. and Sgt. W. Campbell, M.M., R.C.D.

Recorders—Q.M.S. W. T. Ellis, R.C.D., and S/Sgt. E. Sarrasin, R.C.R.

Committee—Cpl. F. A. Green, R.C.D.; Cpl. W. Parker, R.C.R.; Cpl. E. Boucher, R.C.D.; and Cpl. J. E. Lacerte, R.C.D.

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Sports

FOOTBALL

The formation of the St. Johns Football League came as a pleasant surprise to most lovers of the game in this district where, in former years, hockey and baseball have predominated. It is the intention of the executive of the League to provide the public of this city with a brand of sport that while bringing out the hard-fighting and robust qualities of the various players, is yet far removed from that childishness that has been the most noticeable feature of the popular games in this city during former years. The observant may perhaps notice that the official in charge of a football game is there for some other purpose than being made the object of much unpleasant abuse, a great deal of vociferous advice, or the recipient of many caustic remarks regarding the morality of his parents. One of the first things done by the league was the formation of a disciplinary committee, a member being elected from each team. This committee will take action against any player reported by the referee of any particular game, infringing the rules of football and clean sport.

The league will consist of five clubs, three from the city, viz the Windsor Hotel F.C., Singer F.C., and the Hart Battery F.C.; while two will come from the barracks, one from the R.C.D., and the other from the R.C.R.

The league schedule will be officially opened on May 25th, when the Hart Battery meet the R.C.D. on the barracks ground. Games will be played on Tuesday and Friday evenings. With the exception of the opening game, all Tuesday

evening games will be played on the Singer ground, which adjoins the factory of that name, while the games scheduled for Friday will be played on the barrack ground.

There have been a number of friendly games during the past few weeks. A good brand of football has been displayed and the civilian population have shown considerable interest in the game. The Windsor Hotel have beaten both the R.C.R. and the R.C.D. by the odd goal in each game. The R.C.D. have disposed of the Hart Battery, Singers and the R.C.R. Of course, early season form is never a criterion of a whole season's performance, but from the little we have seen the league-leadership will be hotly contested for.

The following have signed forms for the R.C.D.: Capt. Hammond, Sergt.-Major Smith, Sgt. Campbell, Sgt. Sheehy, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Langley, Tpr. Gilmore (captain), Tpr. English, Tpr. Cornwall, Tpr. Dooley, Tpr. Gordon, Tpr. Guy, Tpr. Dawkes, Tpr. Wheeler, Tpr. Bilton and Tpr. Beetham.

Tug-of-War

In the preliminary pull-off for the right to enter the tug-of-war finals at the Toronto Garrison Military Tournament, "B" Squadron came out with flying colours.

On Saturday, May 8th, they were called upon to make two pulls in one night. The first pull was against the Queen's Own Rifles, and the Drags won this in two straight pulls.

The second pull was not so easy. They were stacked against the Royal Canadian Air Force and everyone looked for a struggle from the word go, as both teams were young aggregations. After a hard struggle the Airmen succeeded in

pulling "B" Squadron over the line, and everyone there conceded the Airmen the contest, as they showed themselves to be an exceedingly well-trained and coached team, but the Drags had that do-or-die spirit and would not give up until the last, and succeeded in evening things up by pulling the Airmen over the line on the second pull, thus necessitating a third pull.

The third pull was the prettiest of the whole evening. Everybody were on their toes and the spectators were speechless. It was a seesaw affair, with the Airmen gaining a little ground on each tug, until they had the Drags within an inch from the line. At this point our coach, S.S.M. "Jack" Copeland, evidently lost his voice, because it was up to one of our men on the rope to give the command that proved to make the winning move. The command was "About turn," and amidst thundering cheers from the spectators, the men, rope, and the right to meet the Toronto Scottish Regiment in Drags walked away with the Air-the finals.

"B" Squadron's team was as follows: Sergt. Buell, Corpl. Harding, L/Cpl. Hider, Tprs. Berry, Humble, Jennings, Morgan, Murdoch and Nickle.

Boxing

Sergt. Buell and Tpr. Dutton were entered in the boxing tournament for the Ontario championship held at the Arena on the 10th and 11th of May.

Tpr. Dutton, boxing in the 135 lb. class, met and was defeated by Jackie Phillips, of the Central Y. M.C.A., who later won the Ontario championship of this class.

Sergt. Buell made his debut in the hempen square in the 175-lb. class against Cross, of St. Catharines. Although he was beaten, he

put up a very strong and creditable fight, and will at a later date be heard from as outstanding in this sport. Buell showed himself to be a very willing boxer, and although he took a lot of punishment he handed out quite a bit of it himself.

Miss Simpkins was of uncertain age and appearance, and rather frightened De Vere, a young assistant in a chemist's shop, by her demonstrations of friendship. That she meant to hook him he felt sure. Chance threw them alone one day, and De Vere felt that his hour had come.

"Mr. De Vere," said Miss Simpkins, "I can no longer bear this unspeakable anguish. I have at last plucked up courage to ask you a question that concerns my future happiness and comfort. Will—will you be——"

"Madam," gasped De Vere, "it—it would break my heart to refuse I have every regard and respect for——"

"Sir, what do you mean?" demanded Miss Simpkins. "Surely you can't object to my asking what brand of corn-cure you can recommend?"

Wife: "Is my hat straight?"

Husband (in a hurry): "Yes; quite straight."

Wife: "Are you sure?"

Husband: "Yes; do come on."

Wife: "Oh, dear, I must go back. You see, it isn't fashionable to wear this kind of hat straight."

Cohen: "How did you make your fortune?"

Goldberg: "Horse-racing."

Cohen: "Not betting?"

Goldberg: "No; I started a pawnshop just outside the course for the people who wanted to get home before the races were over."

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General Lessard was succeeded in the command by Lieut.-Colonel, now Major-General, V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G. (retired), who was in turn succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel, now Brig.-General, C. M. Nelles, C.M.G. (retired).

On the outbreak of the Great War the regiment was mobilised at Valcartier, under the command of Colonel Nelles, and served throughout the war, acting dis-

mounted with the First Canadian Division until January, 1916, when it was withdrawn with the remainder of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade to be re-mounted, and from then until the close of the war formed part of the British Cavalry Corps.

Colonel Nelles was succeeded in the command by the late Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Van Straubenzee, killed in action 9th October, 1918.

On its return from overseas the regiment was reorganised under Lieut.-Colonel F. Gilman, D.S.O., and reverted to its peace establishment with headquarters and "B" Squadron at Toronto, and "A" Squadron at St. Johns, Quebec. Colonel Gilman was succeeded in the command by the present commanding officer, "A" Squadron is commanded by Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and "B" Squadron by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Of those regimental officers still on the active list in Canada are Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of Staff, and Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., late Adjutant-General, now G.O.C. Military District No. 3.

By permission of His Majesty the King, the regiment has recently been affiliated with the 1st Royal Dragoons ("The Royals").

When it is realized that it was as an officer of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars that Col. Turnbull conceived the idea of forming a cavalry school, that it was in this capacity he applied for and was granted the necessary appointments to enable him to prepare himself for the task of forming such a school, that it was as Officer Commanding this corps that he applied for, and mainly through his instigation that authority was granted him to form the Cavalry School Corps, it will be readily acknowledged that there is a link between the now defunct Queen's Own Canadian Hussars and the present Royal Canadian Dragoons. It may not, therefore, be too much to say that the Royal Canadian Dragoons have fallen heir to the historical traditions of the Quebec Volunteer Cavalry; that the record of the regiment can be carried back to the earliest days of British Canada, and that we form a link with the days when the "Fleur de Lys" flew over the citadel at Quebec and Wolfe's glorious accomplishment had not yet been achieved.

Note.—The writer is indebted to Major E. A. H. Thrington, R.C.D. (retired), for his assistance in the preparation of this article.

Friendship that does not stand with you in adversity is not worthy of the name.

Victoria Day Sports.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Below is the proposed programme for the annual Victoria Day Dismounted Sports, to be held at the Cavalry Barracks on May 24th. The events are open to any member of the Garrison, and the challenge cups referred to are those presented by J. R. Gaunt and Son for the troop gaining the highest number of points (also open to "D" Coy., R.C.R.) and by Captain R. B. Leblanc, R.C.D. (R.O.) for the individual gaining most points.

Event. Time

1. 10.00 a.m. Best Turned Out Section.
2. 10.15 a.m. Putting the Shot.
3. 10.45 a.m. Tug-o'-War (heats) 8 men and 1 coach.
4. 11.00 a.m. 100 Yards Dash.
5. 11.15 a.m. High Jump.
6. 11.40 a.m. Broad Jump.
7. 12.00 Noon 440 Yards.
8. 12.15 p.m. Boys under 15 years.

Afternoon

9. 2.00 p.m. Three-Legged Race. Ankles and above knee tied.
10. 2.15 p.m. Relay Race, 4 men each 220 yards.
11. 2.30 p.m. Tug-o'-War Finals
12. 2.45 p.m. Sack Race, 50 yards.
13. 3.00 p.m. One Mile Race.
14. 3.15 p.m. Ladies' 50 Yards Dash
15. 3.30 p.m. Old Soldiers' Race, 75 yards, Over 35 and under 90 years.
16. 3.45 p.m. Boat Race (Selected Course) 8 men and 1 cox.
17. 4.00 p.m. Children's Race, Boys and Girls under 10 years.
18. 4.15 p.m. Obstacle Race (Selected Course).

Events to count for Challenge Cup, Troop and Individual, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 15, 18.

Events Nos. 10, 11 and 16, the winning troop will receive 10 points, and the runners-up 5 points.

OFFICIALS

Referee—Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D.

Judges—Capt. R. E. Balders, M.C., R.C.R.; Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.; Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D.; Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.; Capt. M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C.; Lieut. R. C. Clark, R.C.R.; Lieut. J. deS. Laterriere, 11th Hussars.

Starter—S.M. (W.O.I.) J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.)

Announcer—S.S.M. C. W. Smith, R.C.D.

Clerks of the Course—Sgt. J. Bazley, R.C.R. and Sgt. W. Campbell, M.M., R.C.D.

Recorders—Q.M.S. W. T. Ellis, R.C.D., and S/Sgt. E. Sarasin, R.C.R.

Committee—Cpl. F. A. Green, R.C.D.; Cpl. W. Parker, R.C.R.; Cpl. E. Boucher, R.C.D.; and Cpl. J. E. Lacerte, R.C.D.

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Military Drama.

(From London "Punch")

IV.

After our highly successful efforts at making every-day army existence known to theatre-goers by the medium of short military plays, Private Pullthrough and I are now turning our attention to the films. We feel that a lot needs doing here to familiarise cinema audiences with the soldier's life. It has been difficult, but I think we have held the balance fairly well between the hair-raising and thrilling incidents which go to make up a soldier's existence in barracks and the unemotional sobriety of the film "drammer."

This, then, is our film scenario. By the way, you must excuse the all-pervading American influence. We have not been able to find any British films to use as models.

PASSION IN THE RANKS; or, FRAIL SOLDIERY.

A stirring tale of desire and hate and a strong man's revenge, located in the silent depths of No. 9 Platoon.

The title, I might here say, has nothing really to do with the film; it must, however, have the word "passion" or something similar to it, otherwise you'll never get your audience inside the picturedrome.

The film will start of course with a series of short "flashes" or "shots" of the different characters to let people know who they are, and also to give an idea of the rough atmosphere of barrack life. The audience will thus see in turn Sergeant O'Mulligatawny, of No. 9 Platoon, striking a private; Private O'Killim, the platoon bully, beating up some of his weaker comrades; Corporal O'Palmoye accepting a little graft from a defaulter; Lance-Corporal O'Bargain blackmailing his platoon officer, and so on.

I notice suddenly that I appear to have made all the names Irish ones. This is, of course, the American influence I spoke of; I see I have been thinking of the New York police force.

At the end of these "shots," in which you may include, in you like, pictures of the correct method of wearing marching order and of laying out a soldier's kit for inspection, we begin on the story with a typical scene of men drilling on a barrack square. The question of uniforms, by the way, will have to be rather carefully handled. As English uniforms are hard to obtain for screen purposes you will have to do what you can with

Trail Riders' Third Annual Pow-Wow



1. Ready to go after pitching camp.
2. Scouting ahead.

The grave old mountains that surround the beautiful little Ptarmigan valley near Lake Louise will hear and see things this summer that will remind them of the good old days when Indian hunters and warriors made the hills echo with their shouts when they danced about their great campfires; for this lovely spot has been chosen by the Order of Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies to be the place where they will hold their annual Pow-Wow on August 1, following the official trail rides.

Many parties have camped in Ptarmigan valley, but never such a one as there will be this summer when trail riders gather from all over the world to attend their great feast. Then the deep silence of mountain and lake will be broken for one day when the hoof-beats of several hundred ponies sound through the valley.

From all indications the Pow-Wow of 1926 will be bigger and merrier than those of previous years. At noon on August 1, two parties of trail riders will meet at the camp in the valley, pitch their tents, and when night falls, light a great fire around which the official ceremony will be held, and join in singing trail riders songs.

There will be two official trail rides this summer, both a five-day ride and a three-day ride. Members going on the longer ride are meeting at Lake Louise, so famous for its beauty and its magnificent Canadian Pacific Chateau, on July 29, and following the trail up the Bow Valley

to Mosquito Creek, making a side-trip to Bow Pass, then up over Molar Pass, and up the little Pipestone to Baker Lake, so by Ptarmigan Lake to Ptarmigan Valley. They plan to make 20 miles a day for the first three, 16 miles on the fourth day, and 9 miles on the fifth.

Those taking the three-day ride will start from the Banff-Lake Louise road and follow the trail past Johnstone Creek to Baker Creek and Baker Lake, and so to Ptarmigan Valley. This party will travel more leisurely, making about 14 miles a day for the first two and nine miles on the third day. After the Pow-Wow all the trail riders will return to Lake Louise by Corral Creek.

The Order of the Trail Riders is just three summers old this year, and already has a membership of about 600, more than 100 of which have enamel buttons showing that they have travelled more than 2,500 miles. The rest have buttons, too, differ-

ent kinds, according to the distance they have travelled: a bronze button for 50 miles, a silver one for 100 miles, a gold one for 500 miles, and a gold and enamel one for 1,000 miles.

Its aims are chiefly to encourage horseback travel through the Rockies, to promote the breeding of suitable saddle horses for high altitudes, to keep up old trails and build new, to protect the forests and encourage the love of outdoor life and the study and conservation of wild life, to prepare and circulate maps of existing and proposed trails, and help maintain the observance of close and open seasons for fish and game.

The Order has recruited its members from all classes, all ages and all parts of the world. Last year's Pow-Wow was attended by artists, writers, European nobility, Indian chiefs and American millionaires. Leading the ride was a lady of seventy, while a lad of twelve brought up the rear.

the highest ideals and ambitions of military life.

Private O'Killim Had A
Grudge Against Young
Private Vansuylen.

In the pictures of drill on the square you should show O'Killim working off his grudge by striking Vansuylen with his foot while marching and by prodding him

with his bayonet during the Stand-Easy's.

Private Vansuylen Meditates Revenge.

This can be done with the eyebrows, the left ear and a lot of deep breathing,

In the Canteen that Night

Picture of men drinking beer. It

American ones. The fact that the scene is laid in an English barracks doesn't really matter. The average cinema audience will not notice anything wrong, judging from what they pass over already; but it is advisable that mere privates should not wear hearth-rugs on their legs or carry six-shooters.

The plot of the story must be a good one and must be woven round

has been found that American actors are far ahead of English ones in drinking realistically. Apart from actual life, this may be due to the practice they appear to get in most American film plays. Private Vansuylen, unobserved by the barman and several score privates, but so that even the "Standing-Room Only's" at the back of the theatre can clearly see, puts poison in O'Killim's beer. The bottle should be marked "Poison" in big letters on the audience side, in case sophisticated film-fans think it is merely something with a bit more kick in it than beer. This they are sure to do if the actor makes the mistake of taking the bottle from his hip-pocket.

Lieutenant Washington Was Making His Rounds

Lieutenant Washington is next seen close by, standing a few rounds to a couple of privates and having a fierce argument with Sergeant O'Mulligatawny. He is the only one who sees what Private Vansuylen has done, and with a brief word—such as "Foolish boy, remember the Army Act!"—swiftly moves the beer out of the unsuspecting Private O'Killim's reach.

Unfortunately he moves it within reach of Sergeant O'Mulligatawny, and we all know what happens when somebody else's beer is moved within reach of a sergeant. After drinking it Sergeant O'Mulligatawny throws a fit and dies very quickly—in about a couple of dozen feet.

There is consternation in the canteen, and even the usual poker-party with green shades over the eyes stop their game for a moment to have a look. It is however called heart failure or snake-bite, or something, and the game is resumed.

Later That Night

Lieutenant Washington is brooding by himself in a corner of the officers' mess. It is annoying to lose one's platoon-sergeant, however much one may be blamed for one's own carelessness. He is brooding very hard, the audience can see, for the other officers come up and ask him to have one, and he refuses, even though he has obviously heard. Corporal O'Palmoye enters, sidles up to him and speaks insinuatingly:

"I Know Sergeant O'Mulligatawny Was Poisoned, and I Also Know You Just Had a Quarrel With Him"

Lieutenant Washington starts guiltily. Despite his own innocence he buys Corporal O'Palmoye's silence with several dollar bills. He feels that he is nobly protecting poor young Private Vansuylen. He also feels perhaps more strongly that he is protecting himself.

Lance-Corporal O'Bargain Too Was Not Idle That Night

Lance-Corporal O'Bargain, it appears, has also seen Private Vansuylen put the poison in O'Killim's beer. He privately taxes him with it and makes a bit of him by promising not to tell O'Killim.

Thus, with two blackmailers, we are in the thick of a promising plot on the best and highest Hollywood lines. We can spin anything out a bit now. I think perhaps at this point a girl might come into it, if you like. The General's daughter, I suggest, but that is a matter of taste; perhaps a mere Colonel's would do. In the end we work up to our climax, when, in a fit of rage during rifle drill, Private O'Killim murders both Corporal O'Palmoye and Lance-Corporal O'Bargain. Thus

The Evil Shadow of Blackmail Was Lifted From Two Young Lives, and Private

Washington Both Face the Vansuylen and Lieutenant World Once More in the Confidence of Their Untarnished Innocence

O'Killim is, of course, court-martialed and discharged for "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." We thus get rid of our last villain. And there you have your film story. The highest principles of honour and devotion to duty, with which the name of the British army is always associated, have been maintained throughout, and the film will go forth to the crowded picture houses of Calcutta, Hong-Kong and Singapore to advance yet further the ever-increasing prestige of English rule and civilisation. A.A.

Judge: "You are sentenced to two months in prison. Have you anything to say?"

"Yes, your honour. Will you please let me telephone my wife that I shall not be home to dinner?"

A scientist is a man who can look at an ancient track and tell you how many upper teeth the animal had.

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Latecomer: "Is that seat next to you reserved?"

Humourist: "I should say it is. It hasn't uttered a word since I've been here!"

The mistress of the house entered the dining room as a burglar was in the act of purloining the silver.

"What are you doing?" asked the lady.

"Oh," retorted the thief, "I'm at your service, madam!"

Mother: "Johnnie, see what the baby has got in his mouth." "It's all right, mother," replied Johnnie; "it's only a safety pin."

Times have changed. Long ago men fought for their religion instead of about it.

"You plead guilty, of course," said the judge. "This silver was found in your possession."

"That silver does look familiar," the prisoner confessed, "but I'm going to plead not guilty. My lawyer has convinced me of my innocence."

Shitor: "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter." Father: "I absolutely forbid you to do so." Suitor (surprised) "Why, what's the matter with her?"

Don't try to kill time. Time can stand the racket much longer than you can.

"My brother has been in Africa for the last year, and has just arrived home. He has been hunting tigers."

"How exciting. Did he have any luck?"

"Rather! He never met any."

After a sleepless night a hero, suffering from toothache, told of his woes to an enthusiastic believer in the system of optimistic auto-suggestion.

"You must repeat over and over again this phrase: 'Get thee behind me, pain,'" he was told.

"What!" gasped the other, "and get lumbago? No jolly fear!"

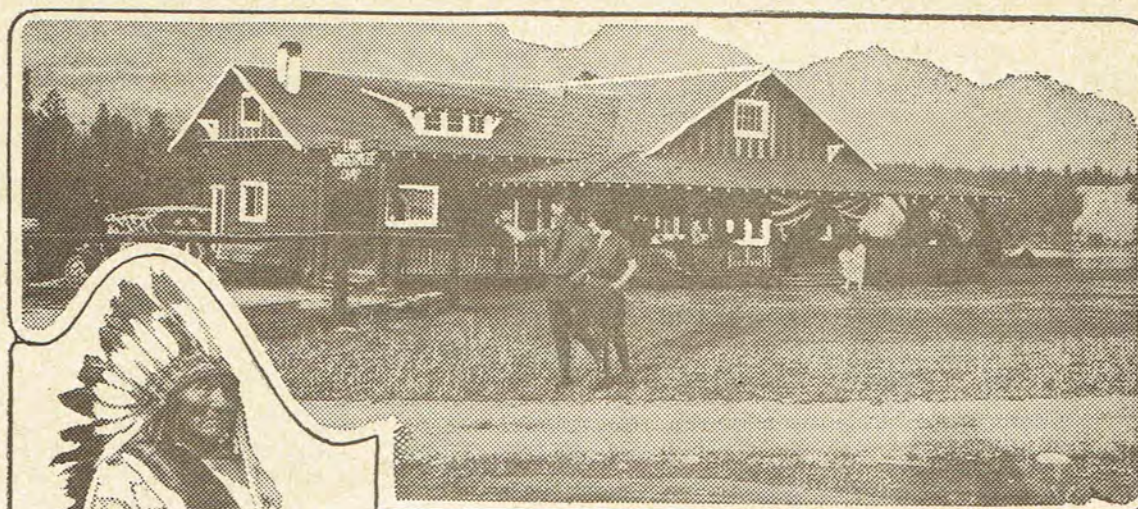
"Stella," he murmured, "I want—"

"Just look at that beautiful star," replied the girl, coolly.

"There is but one star for my eyes," answered the love-sick youth.

"Let's get inside," said Stella.

Uncrowned King of a Happy Valley



LAKE WINDERMERE, B.C., THE HAPPY VALLEY



ONE OF LIEUT. GOV. BRUCE'S INDIAN FRIENDS



BRUCE (SEATED RIGHT) BEING MADE AN INDIAN CHIEF

Robert Randolph Bruce has recently been appointed Lieut. Governor of British Columbia, as the representative of King George in that province of Canada. Like many another successful Canadian, he came from Scotland, about thirty years ago, bringing with him a frock coat, a tall hat, and a bundle of introductory letters. He was the son of the minister of the parish from which George Stephen later Lord Mountstephen, then President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, had come, and so the first office where he presented himself was that of T. G. Shaughnessy, then general manager. In a very few minutes he was given a job, but as he was going out the door, "T. G." called after him, "Young

man, if you want to get on in this country, shed that coat."

Mr. Bruce must have obeyed instructions, for he has been "getting on" until his recent appointment seems to be as near the top as any Canadian could ever be. And, coincident with his own development, has come about the development of the Windermere Valley in British Columbia, where he has made his home for some years. Mining interests first took him, back in 1889, to the upper reaches of the Columbia River, where he commenced operations on the Sitting Bull claim on Boulder Creek, a tributary of Horse Thief Creek, near the spectacular Lake of the Hanging Glaciers. Later he left this for a new claim called Paradise, from

which has sprung the appellation Happy Valley. The village of Windermere, on the eastern side of Lake Windermere, was the first to take root, and here Mr. Bruce settled. He built a bungalow, and planted a garden, a garden which today is a riot of exquisite flowers, a regular flower show for those visitors at the Canadian Pacific Bungalow camp opened a year or so ago a short distance along the lake shore from the Bruce estate.

Not only did this indefatigable gardener plant lovely flowers in his garden, but realizing the difficulties of keeping miners at their jobs, he planted fresh vegetables in sufficient quantities for his men to have a diet of fresh vegetables instead of a diet of tin cans. His ores are mined with never a strike.

"It's getting cold."

But determination had come to the youth at last, and, planting himself in the middle of the garden path, he blurted out:

"This is the last time I shall ask you—"

"Look here, Jimmy," interrupted the girl, impatiently, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Stella, I'm thinking this will be your last chance. One of the other three girls I have proposed to shows signs of weakening!"

A statement was recently made by a notable military authority

that owing to the modern tendency to mechanize the services, the rank and file are slowly, and by degrees, losing that sense of observance and individuality which they have acquired since the South African War, and are reverting to a state of mechanicalisation akin to the services themselves. Owing to a remark passed by one of our future generals (a newly-joined recruit) we are in a position to contradict this statement. He was heard to say that, whilst attending the showing of the picture 'Ypres' at the local cinema, he recognised a relative taking part in the battle. While we can enlist such mat-

erial as this, what future awaits this already famous squadron?

The Lord only knows, and he won't tell!

An American financier estimates that Great Britain pays \$97.12 per head in taxation per annum. This may not be quite accurate, but at least he is correct in reckoning in dollars.

According to one of its professors the students of Princeton University U.S.A., have increased their vocabulary by three thousand words in the ten years. And even now they don't know a word too many if they play golf seriously.

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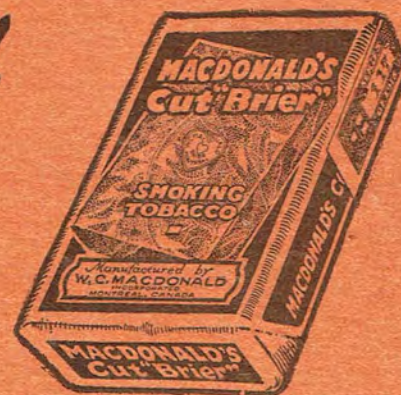
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